Cavalier

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WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE
VISITS CARYL CHESSMAN'S VICTIMS

★ Proves Chessman guilty ★ Breaks "Daughter" story

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JANUARY

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JANUARY, 1961

Cavalier

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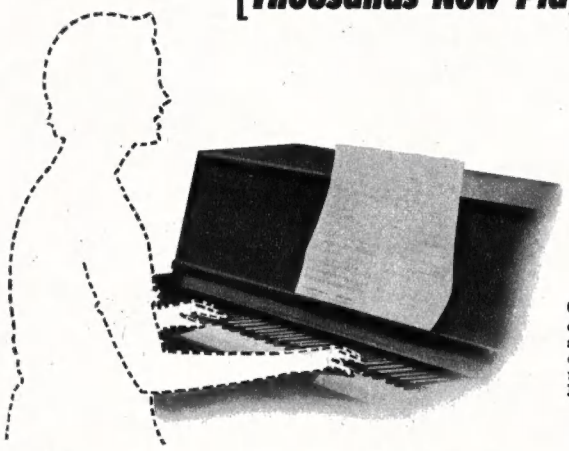

PIANO! *Key to good times.* Our student, Cora Franklin Duke of Bumpass, Virginia writes: "How happy I am! I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!"

GUITAR! *Puts you in the spotlight at parties, dances.* "It's been fun," says Howard Hopkins of East Syracuse, N. Y. "Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to all kinds of affairs."

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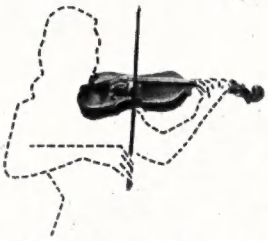

VIOLIN! *Wouldn't you like to play this glorious instrument?* I. W. Dayley of Lisco, Nebraska, writes "I learned more in 3 months with you than in 2 years by myself . . . I have played for dances."

SAXOPHONE! *Great for jam sessions.* C. W. Hicks of the Netherlands West Indies writes: "I couldn't believe I would learn how to play the saxophone without a teacher. Thanks for making me a musician."

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FEBRUARY CAVALIER

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Editor's Turn

ABOUT THE CHESSMAN STORY . . . .

. . . This one is rugged—but it has to be. Once again Huie has dug out the truths that lay there all the time.

Despite all the coverage we've seen on this case, we don't know anyone who could say what it was that the Red Light Bandit did to his victims. We had to delete a lot of it here too—but we'll guarantee you that any Chessman apologist who read it all would have cause for heavy deliberation.

INNOCENCE BY DESIRE

Some time back we mentioned our awareness of what we felt was a new American phenomenon—Innocence by Desire. In the Barbara Graham and Caryl Chessman cases the groups seeking to abolish capital punishment weren't content with a drive against capital punishment. They wanted Graham and Chessman declared innocent. Similarly in the Parker case, the people seeking that justice be meted out to the lynchers didn't stop there—they wanted Parker declared innocent and the victim declared guilty, just as some did with the unfortunate Mary Alice Meza of the Chessman case.

A NEW TV STAR . . . .

. . . could be Jack Bonomi the young guy you'll be reading about on page 32. Bonomi has the role in this Kefauver Committee hearing that Rudolph Halley had back in 1950. Frankly, we thought that boxing would have been cleaned up a long time ago—but when you read this story you'll see how deep the roots of the evil—and it is money—have gone.

YES, WE'RE FIXED FOR BLADES

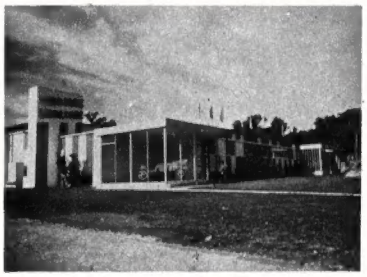
Already the mail is coming in asking us what happened to the Flat of the Blade in our November issue. We thought that full length number on Zsa Zsa would more than satisfy the blade fans.

IN ANSWER TO MANY REQUESTS . . . .

. . . We have done something unusual on pages 34-35. Here we left title and blurb and opening copy off the Carrick painting because we felt that many of you would like to take the picture and frame it. Quite a few experts have told us this is the finest Carrick painting they have seen.

THE LEW WALLACE-BEN HUR STORY

on page 21 brings to mind another movie —*The Alamo,* the John Wayne opus that will be receiving a lot of advertising and publicity about the time you read this. We'd recommend seeing this one. It's a good picture. In addition to that, we have the feeling that if it makes a lot of money, a lot of other people in Hollywood might follow the trend and start doing some Americana-type stories instead of those Tennessee Williams-type abortions wherein the hero's in love with his grandmother and so on.



FLORIDA'S MOST GLAMOROUS GARAGE

is the famous Silver Springs' Carriage Cavalcade. We figured you'd be more interested in seeing what was inside the garage than what it looks like from the outside. But for the sake of the extra-curious, here's what the building looks like from the outside.

PACK OF STOGIES DEPT.

Okay, all you sports, this month the stogies go to the guys who can tell us who coined the expression, "The Iron Curtain" in referring to barriers of the Soviet Republic.

The Sept. baseball puzzle was too much for even the big league umpires—but we went with the official opinion that the protest came too late. And as for the "I don't agree with what you say, etc." quote most often attributed to Voltaire: that really was coined by S. G. Tallentyre in THE FRIENDS OF VOLTAIRE. Also accepted as an answer is Will Durant whose version differed slightly.

—Bob Curran

THIS MAGAZINE GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make such an offer for one reason only —to get new readers by calling attention forcibly to CAVALIER as a magazine whose editors are so proud of the material between its covers that they will make this sensational offer.

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Who is fit for marriage?
What is the "art" of love?
What physical or mental ailments can be hereditary?
What is the best age for marriage?
Should marriage be postponed until the husband alone can support a family?
Should a person who is sterile marry?
How do the male reproductive organs work?
Is a human egg like a bird's?
What is a false pregnancy?
What is artificial insemination?
What are the best positions for sexual satisfaction?
What happens if the sex glands are removed in the female or male?
Is it possible to tell if a person is emotionally fit for marriage?
Can a scare or shock during pregnancy leave a physical impression upon the child?
Can anyone use diaphragms?
What is a "virgin birth"?
Can attachment to one's family prove a hindrance to marriage?
Why are premarital medical examinations important?
What is "natural" childbirth?
What is the best size for a family?
Does menopause affect the sexual impulse?
Can interfaith marriages be successful?
Can a couple know in advance if they will have children?
Are there any physical standards to follow in choosing a mate?
What diseases can affect the male reproductive organs?
How soon after conception can a woman tell if she is pregnant?
Is it possible to predict beforehand the chances of success for a particular marriage?
Is masturbation during marriage healthy?
Can a couple tell beforehand if their children will be healthy?
Is circumcision advisable?
What is the special function of the sex hormones?
What is menstruation? Menopause?
What can be done to aid a woman in reaching a climax?
What are the causes of barrenness?
How does the rhythm in sexual desire vary in men and women?
Do the first sex experiences have a really important bearing upon marital adjustment?
If near relatives marry will their children be abnormal?
How reliable are the various contraceptive devices?
Can impotence be cured? Premature ejaculation?
How does the embryo develop in the womb?
How often should couples have intercourse?
What are the chief sources of conflict in marriage?
How soon after a child is born may relations be resumed?
What determines the sex of a child?
How safe is the "safe period"?
What are the first symptoms of pregnancy?
Why do some people fear intercourse?
Is intercourse during the menstrual period harmful?
Why is childbirth painful?
What role do the breasts play in the sexual system of the woman?
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Is abstinence harmful?
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***About the authors of* A MARRIAGE MANUAL**

DRS. HANNAH and Abraham Stone are known internationally as leaders and authorities in the field of marriage and family life. Together they opened the first marriage consultation center in America at the Community Church in New York.

Dr. Abraham Stone was one of the founders and president of the American Association of Marriage Counsellors and has been on the faculty of the New York University College of Medicine and of the New School of Social Research. In 1947, he was given the Lasker Award for his contribution to marriage and family planning.

***Tributes to* A MARRIAGE MANUAL**

"*A Marriage Manual* is sound and detailed beyond any other book for laymen, written by physicians. It is plain sex sense and straightforward speech."
—DR. ROBERT L. DICKINSON, *Author*
A THOUSAND MARRIAGES AND HUMAN SEX ANATOMY

"*A Marriage Manual* has been number one among books of this field for many years."
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The Community Church of New York

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THRUST AND PARRY

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MORE HOWLS OF MONTEZUMANS

In your October issue of CAVALIER a Dr. Charles E. Brown writes in "Thrust and Parry" that the Marines aren't worthy of the good name they have earned. If Dr. Brown thinks the Marines are punks, he should tell one of them that to his face. He probably would change his mind very fast. Just because Dr. Brown was not a Marine, he doesn't have to knock them. Not everyone can be a Marine.

In the same issue there is a letter titled "Hurrah for the Hooligans" by Robert L. Orlanthy in which the author says the Marines took all the honor and glory. The Coast Guard's job is to protect the shores and lives of men sailing the seas. That is not the job of the Marine Corps. The Marine combat record proves they did the job they were trained to do. Why knock the Marines because the Coast Guard was neglected? Everybody knows the good job the Coast Guard is doing.

Pfc. R. A. Lewis, USMC
Parris Island, S. C.

. . . Only the smallest, most insignificant mind could be capable of belittling any branch of the United States defenses, least of all the Marine Corps. . . .

Ex-Cpl. Edward Frank Benz, Jr.
Oroville, Calif.

. . . Our Army may be the best Army in the world, our Navy may be the most powerful in the world, but when it comes to doing the job the Marine Corps was meant to do, a ready force able to fight anywhere at any time, no other fighting outfit in the world is even comparable to it.

L/Cpl. M. C. Ringwelski, USMC
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

. . . Dr. Brown, why don't you tell a Marine to his face that he is a punk and wears a padded uniform? I guess you are afraid of what you would find out though aren't you, Doc?

L/Cpl. E. E. Gibson, USMC
Parris Island, S. C.

Pearl Harbor, Iwo Jima and Pork Chop Hill are indelible battles in the minds of American fighting men. No one service can claim superiority in the defense of our nation. Yet people like Dr. Charles E. Brown feel just the contrary. . . .

L/Cpl. Bernard Shaw, USMC
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

. . . Most people are aware of the fact that the Marines were very busy in 1943 acquiring real estate in the Pacific area in order that all branches of the military might have some secure bases from which to carry on their operations. . . .

R. J. Stanley
Springvale, Maine

NAMESAKE

Enjoyed reading Richard S. Prather's "The Morgue the Merrier" in the October CAVALIER. I have always admired his works and hope to meet him sometime.

Although I am a bricklayer by trade, my hobby is writing and I've been trying the magazines for several years. . . .

Richard G. Prather
Gold Hill, Ore.

WHATEVER BECAME OF—?

In your exciting story, "I Survived the Suicide Convoy," (Nov. 1960) you mentioned the German warship, Von Tirpitz. I would like to know whatever became of this mighty ship.

Gerald Bora
West Hartford, Conn.

It was sunk in 1944 in a Norwegian fjord by a British air task force.

SHIPSHAPE

I very much enjoyed the story titled "I Walked Off Tarawa" (July CAVALIER) but I have one question to ask of you. The piece states that the Mihoro Air Group sank the *Prince of Wales*. I always thought that the ship was sunk by the German battleship *Bismarck*.

Robert Nadra
Detroit, Mich.

Don't blame you for being confused, Bob, but CAVALIER's story is right. The *Bismarck* sank the *Hood*, not the *Prince of Wales*.

YORK SQUAWKS

That article on Sgt. York by William Bradford Huie did it. ("The Desertion of Sgt. York," Oct. CAVALIER.) I agree that the government ought to square away York's tax hassle. By the way, I have never read a bad story by Mr. Huie. In my opinion he's as good or better than Hemingway. . . .

Don Brouillard
Minneapolis, Minn.

I am glad to be able to pick up a magazine and read the truth. I am referring to your story titled "The Desertion of Sgt. York" in the Oct. CAVALIER. I can't understand how America can stand by and see a grand old man like Alvin York hounded to death by the Internal Revenue Dept. Any debt he might owe was paid a long time ago in the Argonne. . . .

Curtis M. Watkins
Louisville, Ky.

[*Please turn to page* 8]

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SWEET ELOISE
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
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UNDER A BLANKET OF BLUE
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WISHING WILL MAKE IT SO
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THRUST AND PARRY

Continued from page 6

SENATORIAL REPORT

I appreciate your sending me the article concerning Sergeant Alvin York. We have been trying to be of help to him.

Estes Kefauver
United States Senate

And so are we, Senator Kefauver. So we'll repeat the address for those who'd like to help.

SGT. YORK FUND
Jere Cooper A. L. Post 30
Dyersburg, Tenn.

43 WHO WERE HANGED

Your article, "How We Hanged 43 American G.I.s" (Sept. CAVALIER) was interesting and at the same time thoroughly disgusting.

It was interesting in that it brought out the ridiculous extremes the American Government goes to in its policy of winning so-called "friends" at the expense of its own men. Hang a stupid, young, distraught G.I., who in a moment of passion raped a French girl? "Sure, why not?" It will endear the French to us. They will be impressed at the lengths we will go to in order to win their friendship. It speaks well for the common sense and humanity of the French people that they were revolted by these stupid sacrificial offerings perpetrated against their will in their own villages. . . .

Capt. Crawford T. Marbury
Tachikawa, Japan

I served in the ETO as a sergeant during World War II. Some of the American Negro soldiers in my company, which was in the Cherbourg area, would date French girls. Some of these girls had worked for the Germans. Whenever one of these tramps would holler rape, a M.P. would come along and ship the Negro soldier to the Disciplinary Training Center. Some of the men who were hanged were innocent of any crime.

Name withheld
Nashville, Tenn.

I read your story in the Sept. CAVALIER titled "How We Hanged 43 American G.I.s" and found it very interesting. I think the U.S. Army made a very good decision when it decided to use capital punishment to eliminate these criminals. But what disgusted and puzzled me was the promotion of Woods from the rank of private to that of master sgt. Don't you think a private could have cut that hangman's rope as well as a master sgt.? The Army could have used a man like Woods on the front line where his instinct to kill would have made him a good platoon sgt.

R.B.S.
Royal Oak, Mich.

It took more than an instinct to kill to make a man a good platoon sgt., R. B. As for the rank of M/Sgt., the Army probably figured they would have to offer the inducement of a high rank to get a man to take and/or stay with the job.

A CHALLENGE!

We, the members of the "Clan" of the 1933rd AACS Squadron wish to inform CAVALIER that you have been chosen for the "Flat of Our Bayonet."

The reason you have been chosen for this dubious honor is for your "Flat of Our Blade" to Frank Sinatra and the Clan in the Sept. issue. We have in the past enjoyed your slaps on the wrist to other famous and infamous personalities. This time, sirs, you go too far.

You've struck a serious blow against the idols of all alcoholic-blooded men. You may condemn the Clan for a lack of talent and get away with it. However, to attack their drinking habits is to raise a grumble of protest. We hereby challenge the editors of CAVALIER to a duel. Bring your swords, we already are sharpening our bayonets. If by some possibility we should survive the duel, we will continue to read your magazine, however.

A/1C T. J. Mitchell
Chairman for the Clan
1933rd AACS Squadron
APO 864, N.Y., N.Y.

Now how would anyone in the Air Force know what to do with a bayonet? Let's make it boilermakers at 40 paces or 50 gulps.

McQUEEN'S OWN RIFLE

Read your remarks on Steve McQueen in the "Flat of Our Blade" (Sept. CAVALIER). I think this boy deserves more credit than you give him. After all, anyone who would try to make his way in the world packing a sawed-off 30-30 on his hip (even on television) has got guts. That pout you mentioned, "like a little boy who has just flunked arithmetic," is nothing but shame for his weapon, mingled with the pain of toting it.

Leon Coquat
Silver City, N.M.

CLAN—DESTINED FOR CUT

This time I disagree with you on the Sept. the "Flat of Our Blade" to "The Clan." They shouldn't get the flat of the blade but the EDGE of the blade. . . .

Johnny Wagner
Norfolk, Va.

HARRY'S SEEING RED

Your articles spotlighting the Kremlin "camp followers" deserve both public service and literary credits for objectiveness.

In the "Flat of Our Blade" to Cyrus Eaton (Oct.) you say "the Russians are delighted to co-operate with Eaton because they know they've got the perfect tool." Isn't there a mispelled word in that phrase? Of course I realize you may not have been able to reach Ed Wynn in time to clear the proper phrase to describe Mr. Eaton. . . .

Harry R. Mills
Escondido, Calif.

TOP COBBERS

I must take author Goodrich to task on a statement in his most interesting story on "Bluey" Truscott. ("Lethal Boy Bluey," Sept. CAVALIER.) After enumerating the details of "Bluey's" record, the author goes on to say that no other Australian equalled that score.

Squadron-Leader Charles C. Scherf shot down 15 enemy aircraft, with a half-share in the destruction of another, besides destroying others on the ground. (Truscott was credited with 15 planes and 5 probable kills—Ed.)

I also wonder if Mr. Goodrich has heard of the exploits of two more Australian fighting men, though the fact they fought in the Western Desert may account for their names being less known than they ought to be: the leading Australian scorer, Group-Capt. Clive R. Caldwell with 27½ kills to his credit and F/Lt. John L. Waddy with at least 15½.

Mr. Rick Roberts
London, England

"Do you think he means a hung jury?"

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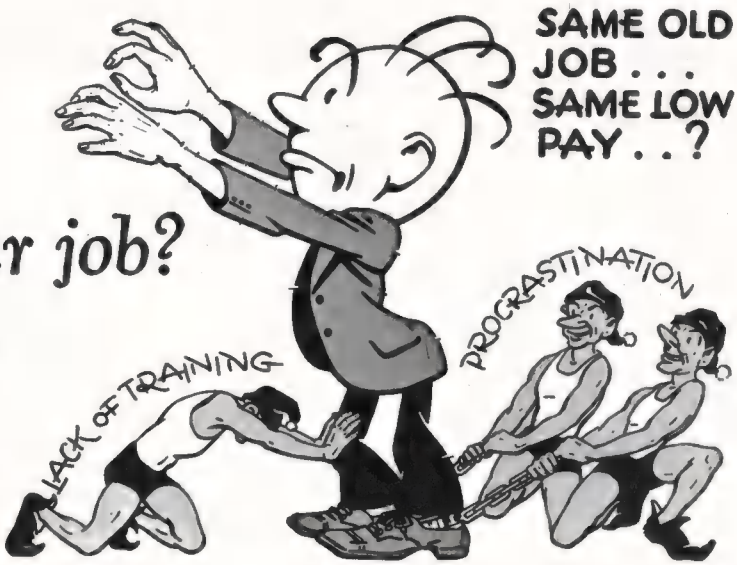

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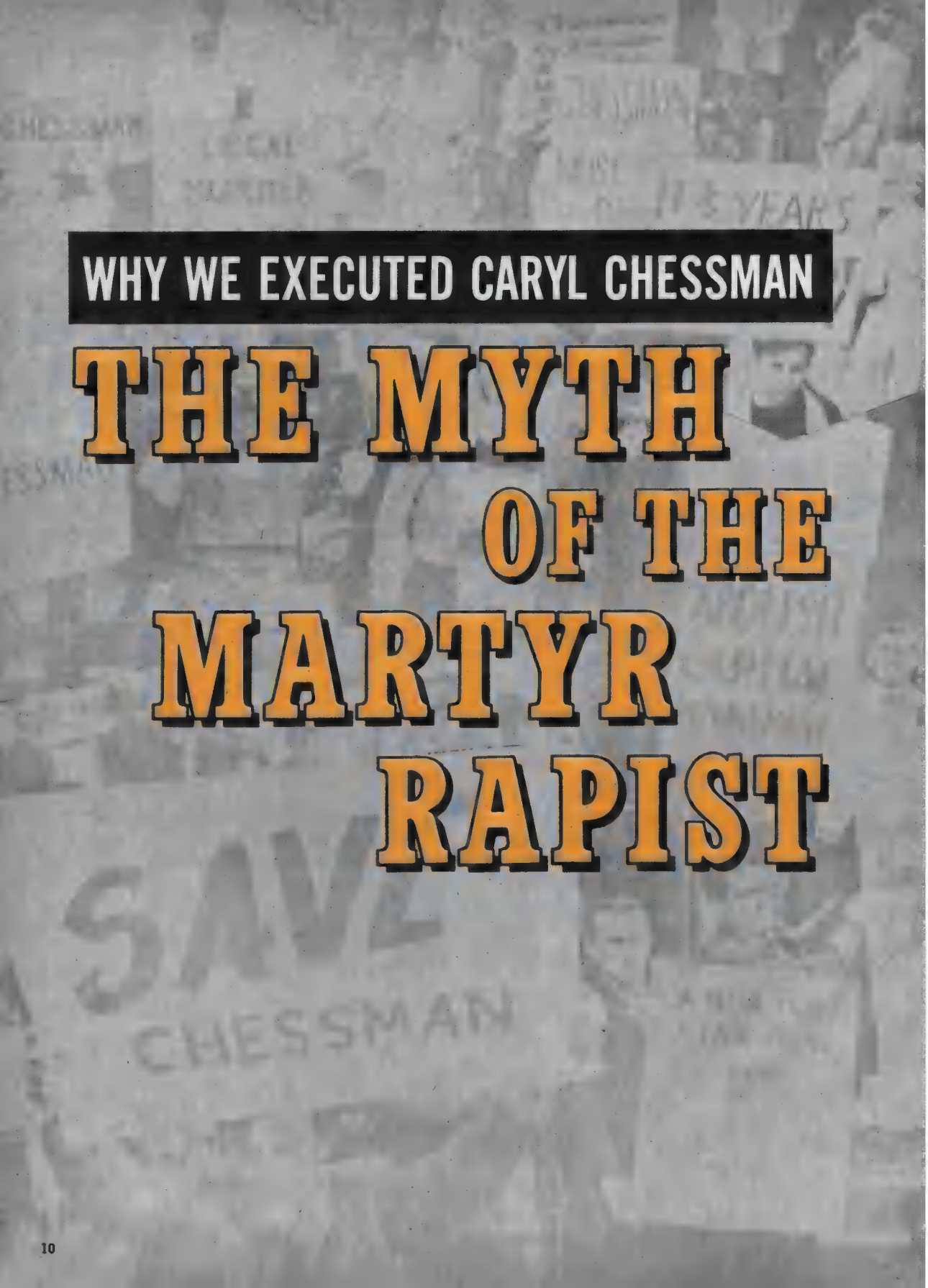
WHY WE EXECUTED CARYL CHESSMAN
THE MYTH OF THE MARTYR RAPIST

In answer to many requests, CAVALIER asked Bill Huie to do the complete story on the Caryl Chessman case—with no restrictions, no holds barred.

Here it is—with the warning that unless you have a burning desire to know the truth, you better pass this one up. But we recommend it as a must reading to Marlon Brando, Steve Allen and the other Chessman advocates—in the hope they may have some sympathy left for a victim who needs all she can get

AUTHOR WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

● "Barbarism still infects the American heart," the man said. "Else how, after torturing him twelve years, could you kill a cultivated individual like Caryl Chessman?"

The speaker was my publisher in Paris. The time was 1960, a month after California had gassed Chessman over "worldwide protests" led by Marlon Brando and Steve Allen. From five of my European publishers I heard the questions: How could you kill him? Didn't you read Chessman's book which earned hundreds of thousands of dollars in royalties? How can Americans remain so medieval as to torment a civilized man so long, then kill him?

Back in New York I saw articles praising Chessman's "maturity," his "artistic development," his "quiet manliness which attracted the devotion of women." In Beverly Hills I was assured that a film "telling the truth about Chessman" would "doom capital punishment," would be "enormously profitable," and would win more Academy Awards than did Walter Wanger's "truth" about murderess Barbara Graham: *I Want to Live!*

Belatedly—to answer my foreign publishers and to inform prospective film distributors—I decided to seek this "truth" about Caryl Whittier Chessman.

I began by *visiting his victims.*

A fair way to judge a human being, I think, is by his human victims. Particularly by his helpless victims, whose names he did not know, whom he never saw before, but whom he stalks in darkness and abuses because he hates all creatures.

A man who abuses one such innocent passer-by abuses everyman.

I never met Hitler. I judged him by his victims I saw at Auschwitz. By his purposeless bombing of Rotterdam and Warsaw. By innocent hostages lined up and shot in Paris. By the blinded child clinging to her dead mother in Soho. Since Hitler possessed extraordinary energy and talent, had he been allowed to live he might have "matured." He might have painted pictures and written of his bitter childhood in a manner to "attract the devotion of women."

But I wouldn't have allowed him to live. Had I caught him in a gunsight I would have shot him. Or had I judged him at Nuremberg I would have imposed the "institutional death" which "humanitar-

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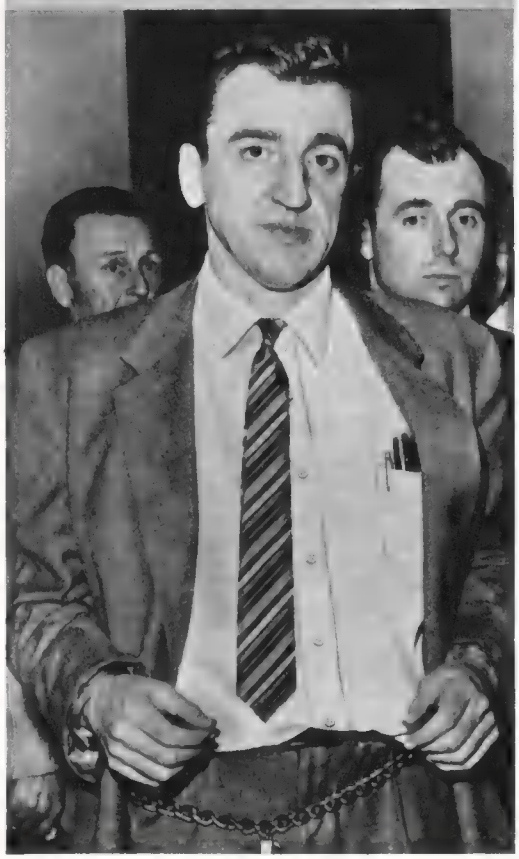
THE MYTH OF THE MARTYR RAPIST

Continued from preceding page



BEFORE THE FACT Chessman was an habitual criminal. Afterwards he flourished—as an author and the hero of a large group whose voices reached round the world.

ians" like Mr. Brando and Mr. Allen find "so obscene, so revengeful, so senseless."

Am I wrong in judging a criminal by his victims? If I am, then my readers should take warning and read no further. For I began forming my judgment of Chessman by seeking his victims; and I found, first, that not one of these victims has ever been visited by any of the famous "humanitarians" who want to "crusade against capital punishment" by "dramatizing for the world" the "truth about our barbaric injustice to Caryl Chessman."

To find one of Chessman's victims, I flew from my home in Alabama to Los Angeles. I slept at the Beverly-Hilton Hotel, and next morning, early, in a rented Chevrolet, I drove up the Ventura Freeway toward Santa Barbara. The countryside is like Provence: rich greens of irrigated fields splashed against reds and yellows of hills that were old when men used the stone axe.

In a valley two miles off the freeway I found the Camarillo State Hospital for the Mentally Ill. Expanse: 1650 acres. Investment: $40,000,000. Annual operating budget: $12,000,000. Present occupancy: 6,300 men, women and children, not the criminally insane, but the ones with "a chance at restoration." Camarillo is only one of fourteen such institutions in California, for the central threat to America in the Sixties is neither radiation sickness, nor cancer, nor heart disease: it is mental impairment.

The question is not how long modern man can live; but how long—with his misplaced values—he can keep from going nuts. And California's effort to educate its youth is limited by the millions it spends on mental invalids.

I parked the car and, lugging my camera and case, I entered the office of the superintendent, Dr. F. H. Garrett. A friendly, relaxed man—from Arkansas—Dr. Garrett invited me to meet his associate superintendent, Dr. Louis R. Nash, who comes from Michigan. The three of us spent the morning together. We toured the institution, inspected the crowded wards, watched blank-faced patients being taught carpentry and folk dancing; and we discussed Camarillo's most famous patient, Miss Mary Alice Meza. (Mee-zuh).

Mary Alice is 30 now. She has been at Camarillo 11 years: a year less than Chessman spent on San Quentin's Death Row. Her brown hair, cut short, is streaked with gray. She owes both her fame and her "withdrawn" condition to Chessman. She was unlucky. By chance he kidnapped her one night; and his gun at her head, he imposed on her his contempt for everyman.

No thoughtful person, American or European, has the right to an opinion in the Chessman case until he considers the living-death of Mary Alice Meza.

Here is the signed statement of her pediatrician, Dr. R. Paul MacDonald, 3780 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles:

> Mary Alice Meza, born in Los Angeles April 3, 1930, was seen in my office at the age of nine months. Thereafter she was seen, by me, at different times, at home and in the office, throughout her grade school years, for various childhood diseases and conditions. The last notation on the chart was an office visit on September 21, 1945, for a slight upper respiratory infection. Nutritional condition was excellent. Through these years my impression was that she was a normally adjusted child physically and psychologically.

AFTER THE FACT Mary Alice Meza was abused and vilified for her unfortunate role in the disaster. None of the "humanitarians" bothered with her.

On January 21, 1948, Mary Alice was healthy and happy. She was 17, nearing 18: a freshman at Los Angeles City College. She was pretty, neat, fastidious, a virgin: 5-4, 115 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes. Educated in parochial schools, she had graduated the previous June from Catholic Girls' High: an average student; secretary-treasurer of her class. She lived with her mother, Ruth Meza, in a house on Sierra Bonita, near Pico Boulevard. Her mother and father were estranged; and her mother was a clerk in Probate Court, Los Angeles County.

During the evening Mary Alice and her date, Frank Hurlburt, had gone to a parish dance at Holy Spirit Church. She wore a black sweater, black skirt, black nylon hose, black shoes, a green coat: it was chilly.

After the dance, about midnight, driving home, Frank and Mary Alice parked for a few minutes on one of Los Angeles' many spectacular overlooks. These are not "lovers' lanes" where people hide to make love; they are public spots where many persons stop to watch the spread-out spectacle of lights and traffic.

A car with a red spotlight approached head-on and stopped, about a yard from front bumper to front bumper. The two assumed it was police; they weren't frightened; they weren't breaking any law; and Hurlburt reached for his registration certificate and driver's license. A man got out, walked directly forward, which brought him to Mary Alice's window. She had rolled it down as he approached. He pointed at them a rusty-looking .45 automatic and said: "This is a stickup."

Mary Alice had fallen prey to Caryl Chessman.

With his record, only in America could Chessman have been free to menace Mary Alice Meza. For as he faced her over that gun, he had already violated *five* paroles. He was 26: human garbage beyond reasonable hope of reclamation; and only in America are "humanitarians" allowed to control parole boards and to release repeatedly such hopeless haters-and-hurters.

If there is injustice in the Chessman case, it begins in the fact of his being free on January 21, 1948. If society "failed" him, it failed him by continually freeing him. For by 1948 Chessman's conduct on being freed was as predictable as sunrise. He'd spend the first day gloating over having taken in "another buncha boobs" with crafty professions of having "seen the light." Next day he'd get a gun, then steal a car. He'd terrorize, rob, and perhaps hurt several helpless filling station operators. He'd roar through red traffic lights. He'd be caught only after police risked their lives—and the lives of motorists—by running him down while he and his companions emptied guns at their pursuers.

Please turn page

THE MYTH OF THE MARTYR RAPIST

Continued from preceding page

Chessman had been born May 27, 1921, in Saint Joseph, Michigan, a small lake port not far from Gary, Indiana, and Chicago. His birth date commends him to my sympathy: there is a soft spot in my heart for poor Americans born near 1920. They came to adolescence during the Depression; and as I wrote in *The Execution of Private Slovik:*

> It's like those good years and bad years for wine in France. There are good years and bad years to be born in America. And, brother, let's face it: 1920 was a bad year to be born in Detroit. If you were born in 1920, then when you were ten and eleven and twelve and thirteen and fourteen, your old man didn't work much. He had plenty of time to lie at home drunk and beat up the kids and the old woman. The welfare paid your rent; and everybody you knew was hungry and fighting and stealing and drinking and in trouble. And you were scared. And you came out of it—unless you were unusual—either weak and scared and feeling inferior, or else rebellious and resentful and full of hate, wanting to fight and maybe kill somebody.

Eddie Slovik, too, was born in Michigan, within a year of Chessman, and an Army firing squad killed him for cowardice in France on January 31, 1945. The Slovik-Chessman parallels are intriguing. Both born in Michigan. Both "depression kids." Both thieves before they were 12. Both in and out of reformatories. Both killed "institutionally" by the United States.

Here's one of Chessman's many descriptions of himself:

> (I was) a scrawny, 15-year-old boy, barely five feet tall and weighing not more than 110 pounds. An asthmatic, puny, wheezing machine. A poor anonymous nothing who wanted to be something. A neurotically anxious nothing.

That's a fair description of Slovik at 15, too. And to me, from birth to death, Slovik remains, on his average, a "sympathetic character." My book about him has sold millions of copies in many languages. I favor a Slovik motion picture which can "tell the world" of an honest American dilemma: what to do with a Depression Kid who couldn't or wouldn't fight for his country. As to Slovik *I* have been called "overly sentimental," and many Americans oppose a Slovik film as "potentially damaging to America abroad."

But my readers will spot at once the differences between Slovik and Chessman.

Slovik left no victims: he never hurt anybody in his life. The only gun he ever touched was the M-1 the United States handed him. Slovik didn't hate—not even cops. Every policeman, every prison supervisor, every parole officer, every member of the U.S. Army who knew Slovik, was "pulling for him" as a "weak but good-hearted kid." Slovik met his death with dignity, a priest at his side.

Chessman, from 15, developed as a hater and a hurter. Soon after his birth his parents had moved to Los Angeles; and there, at 16, in 1937, he was sent up for the first time: multiple car theft and burglary. He was not "thrown among hardened felons"; he went to a forestry camp, was given enlightened assistance. With his high level of intelligence, he reacted with guile and hate. He "took in the stupid hoosiers" (his words) and was paroled.

This first parole was a mistake—for both Chessman and society. His mother was an invalid; his father inadequate; so Chessman had flourished in the security of detention. He learned typing; read books; his asthma disappeared; he fattened up. He later wrote:

> Less than a week after my release I began wheezing and grew increasingly short of breath. I lost my appetite and became thin again. I sat in deserted spots, my eyes turned inward, and there were devils inside me. I could live only by declaring war.

Many persons are never in their lives equipped to assume the responsibilities of liberty. Chessman was one of these. He could live successfully *only in prison.* When freed, he'd "start wheezing again and declare war."

Chessman at 17 "declared war" by stealing cars and looting vending machines, then roaring through red lights. Back in the reformatory, he flourished again, studied books, outwitted the chumps, and was paroled. He graduated to guns. He beat a police officer, wounded a victim. Locked up again, same routine: another parole in less than a year. But Chessman was growing older, bigger, harder. He stole faster cars, committed a dozen armed robberies; and he went to his first "hard" prison: San Quentin. He flourished, read more books, began writing, persuaded the "chumps" to send him to the "model prison" at Chino, the one without walls, where honor is appealed to, where the prisoner is given "every chance" to make peace with society, quit "declaring war."

Chessman escaped; got his gun, his fast car; robbed; endangered lives; was recaptured, sent to the "maximum security" prison at Folsom.

This time he stayed four years. The chief prison psychiatrist pronounced him a "compulsive, adroit liar: a constitutional psychopathic personality with little or no chance of living within the law if released." But he flourished. He fooled the chumps again; and when he walked free he was six feet tall, weighed 190. Mentally and physically, he was a superior human being: equipped to become "a useful member of society." His only lack was a soul—any feeling of compassion toward a fellow creature.

The date was December 28, 1947.

Chessman later wrote:

FANTASY: "Mary Alice Meza was not mentally sound. She would have ended in a mental institution even if she had never heard of Caryl Chessman."

—the Chessman apologists

FACT: "She suffered a severe emotional trauma and, had she not suffered it, she might have lived out her life without serious mental disturbance."

Dr. F. H. Garrett, Supt. Camarillo State Hospital for the Mentally Ill

FANTASY: "CARYL CHESSMAN WAS EXECUTED UNDER A LAW WHICH HAS LONG SINCE BEEN REPEALED."

—the Chessman apologists

FACT: "In 1951 the Little Lindbergh Law was modified slightly by the California Legislature as regards the distance the armed robber transported his victim before he became guilty of kidnapping. The crime Chessman committed is punishable by death in 1960 just as it was in 1948."

—William Bradford Huie

My cause could only be crime. For me to "straighten out" in any way would be to surrender to the chumps. It would be a disastrous defeat I couldn't accept. And once you have had a taste of the freedom of living outside the law, rebelliously, as a nonconformist, any other life seems tame and insipid by contrast. Why should you give a damn about society? Let the squares, the hoosiers, the marks, the chumps, look out for themselves. I said to hell with authority in any form; when authority got hold of you, you out-toughed or out-slicked it. The only thing you ever regretted was getting caught; and if you were caught you didn't let them con you or break you.

Chessman got his gun, stole his car, and *within five days,* staged his first holdup. Between January 3 and 23, 1948, he committed nine major crimes, including two "kidnappings for the purpose of robbery with bodily injury."

That was the "cultivated gentleman" who faced Mary Alice Meza over a .45. She was the pretty, decent, civilized, 17-year-old graduate of Catholic girls' schools. But to the 26-year-old graduate of Chino, San Quentin and Folsom, Mary Alice was a "chump" to take his revenge on.

When Mary Alice and Hurlburt convinced him they had no money, Chessman ordered her to get in his car. "If you scream, I'll kill him and you, too," he said. She complied, and Chessman ordered Hurlburt to drive off slowly in front of him.

"Make one wrong move and I'll kill her," Chessman told him.

With Mary Alice in his car, crying, Chessman followed Hurlburt. He played cat-and-mouse with her, "deciding" whether to kill Hurlburt or let him go. After a few minutes he turned abruptly away from Hurlburt's car and sped into the hills, making many turns, like a driver who knew every road and knew exactly where he was going. Hurlburt ran to the police.

As he drove, Chessman still held his gun, and his face was partially covered with a handkerchief. He amused himself with conversation with his terrorized victim. He asked her name, address, telephone number, and she told him the truth.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she sobbed. "I never did anything to you. You never saw me before."

He told her he was a "Navy man" whose wife had been unfaithful to him. He was "gonna take it out on her."

After 20 minutes, Chessman found a lonely, dirt road. He drove along it, then backed the car into a narrow ravine. Mary Alice knew she was far from any house, or traffic, completely isolated, with a powerful, armed, hook-nosed criminal.

(Perhaps his huge, curving [*Continued on page* 61]

He's Not a Quack Salesman
—He's The Real Decoy!

When Rab Staniford gives a hunter the bird the guy knows he's lucky. For even a duck's mother would have to take a second gander before she could tell the difference between what she produced and what Rab turned out. But, of course, Rab has had more experience

by Dale Shaw

Photographed especially for Cavalier by Martin Iger

● In national decoy competition the sitting ducks and geese of Rab Staniford have been winning every first and second ribbon in their class. In his hands, an art as old as America is being given new life—in a day and age when it looked as though molded plastic birds, resembling bathtub kiddy toys, were going to steal the scene. They popped from monster machines like pingpong balls and flooded the market, but gradually hunters learned that to kill birds in fierce shooting competition, you either went back to the old way or you went hungry.

Staniford's work, out of Wildfowlers, Inc., is the best in an art that is flourishing again. Prodded by Staniford's sizzling reputation and the bright rise in wood decoy-making generally, I drove out to the remote and rural eastern end of Long Island to get his story. I expected to find either an artistic prima donna locked in an exclusive art studio, or a weathered old man sitting on a doorstep whittling away with a pocketknife. I found neither.

The decoy factory in Quogue, L. I., is a slapdash, tile-block building that from the outside could be a plumbing supply warehouse. Inside, all is neatness and light. I asked for Rab Staniford. "Out back," his secretary said softly. "Have a look." They did business differently in this clambake and potato-farm country.

Out back was a completely modern woodworking shop with automatic equipment for copy-carving Staniford's hand-hewn decoy models—12 at a time. The only man in the shop was a lanky, serious-looking individual well under 40 who was hovering over the narrow spinning spindle of a finish sander. With loving care he made a few contour changes in the head of a completed duck decoy. As he bent forward miniature Hiroshimas of sawdust burst around his head and then were sucked away by an exhaust blower. Finally he held the bird to the light, smiled and plugged in an electric brander. Moments later he laid red steel against the hard-balsa belly of the bogus bird. Pungent smoke squirted from the wound and for an instant I expected the drake to leap skyward quacking in pain. Even unpainted, it looked that realistic.

Then Staniford glanced over and saw me in the doorway. "Oh, you got here," he said in a twangy Yankee accent. "Let's have a look around."

We went back into the showroom first. A rather impressively-dressed, matronly customer rushed toward him strangling one of Staniford's bufflehead drakes in one hand. She took in a snootful of sawdust, sneezed, and said, "Oh, Mr. Staniford, do this over for me—sort of a light green to go with the curtains in my little girl's room."

"With polka dots?" Rab said goodnaturedly.

"Oh, I suppose you don't do this sort of thing,"

Please turn to ■

Confirmed duck hunter Rab Staniford hefts shotgun and stares at two birds he can't kill, but drops anyway.

If your eyes are sharper than the average duck's, you'll be able to tell the real birds from the decoys above. The duck, right, was intrigued by what he took to be shyness—the lady wooden give in.

He's Not a Quack Salesman

Continued from preceding page

she said downheartedly, "but I'll take it anyhow." She paid and left.

We were alone with the hundreds of decoys and decorative replicas treading water around the showroom. From every side gleamed the bright glass eyes of mallard, pintail, canvasback, black duck, bufflehead, bluebill, merganser, and the great solemn and vigilant Canada goose. All of them had the intangible quality of life so hard to capture with dead wood and mere oil paint. They seemed ready to leap on beating wings. It is the lifelike quality of his decoys that gets Staniford orders from every state in the Union and from as far off as Rome, Spain, England and Chile.

Staniford pointed to high racks along the back showroom wall where more than 100 antique decoys were hung. Their shot-pocked hulls, splitting cypress and pine feather-light with age, testified to first launchings made more than 100 years ago in some cases.

Duck hunting goes back to before the hollow growl of the first empty Pilgrim stomach. The Indians taught the whites how to plant maize in the summer and kill ducks in the fall; there was no sport to it. On those unwary early birds they got by with heaps of mud or clay, wads of grass or woven reed replicas. For subtlety they stuffed duck

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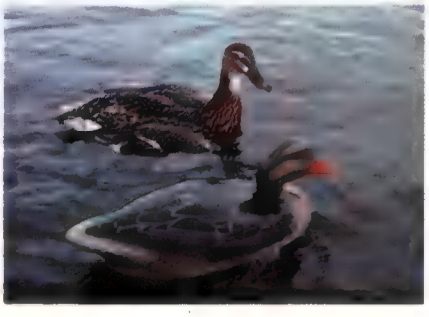

1

2

1) Rough model is made from hard balsa wood. 2) Block is put into a multiple spindle carving machine. Twelve blocks can be molded to the exact specifications of an already completed decoy. Accuracy is within 1/100th of an inch. 3) Next come several hand-sanding operations. 4) Eyes are carefully placed in model. 5) Final step is delicate, hand paint job.

3

4

5

HE'S NOT A QUACK SALESMAN

Continued from page 18

skins or used trapped birds as live decoys. Until the mid 1800s, live decoys predominated when they were available; otherwise carved wooden decoys with real wings stapled on did pretty well.

After the Civil War booming city populations added their demands to the toll already taken by the men on the land who shot over baited fields with or without decoys. On top of it all there was a growing legion of fancy sport shooters with their private shore clubs, private guides and heated blinds. They were the advance guard for today's everyday sportsmen, but if they favored decoying for the fun of it, the market men were forced to it as the flyways became less and less cluttered with birds year after year.

Demand for dummy birds shot like a skyrocket. Canvasback ducks were bringing several dollars a pair. They were shipped to market in sacks marked "canvas back." The market men slaughtered them on the water with huge 4-gauge shotguns and gas-pipe punt cannons that had a Big Bertha kick that would shove the boat 40 feet astern and leave 30 birds flopping in the water with scrap-iron wounds.

In a meat and sport-crazy America the demand for decoys became insatiable, and every cabinet maker and carpenter cut them on long winter nights. Most of the work was run-of-the-mill, but certain craftsmen shone. These artistically gifted men set the standard for years; one such was Harry Shores of New Jersey.

Rab Staniford reverently showed me a Shores bird from his collection and dated it pre-1900. That mallard had the style and line of a living bird, but I liked Rab's work better. Of course, anything by Shores is pretty weather-beaten: plenty of collector's items have been located in actual use.

Not all the decoys used way back when were solid. Silhouette stick-ins were made because they were light and cheap and could be packed together in a tight boat. Swan and heron were even decoyed for the market, but later this fell off and the white-slabbed and blue "high boy" tollers were used along with duck and goose rigs to gain the confidence of these wary species.

Rab Staniford got his start decoying with silhouettes, way back before the war when he was 12 years old, 25 years ago.

At that time, Rab was a bug on birds. He collected bird eggs, stuffed birds, collected pictures of birds, read books on birds, carved models of birds. He wanted to be an ornithologist, a word he always spelled with a capital O.

The day a local farmer named Weatherby made him a now famous proposition, Rab Staniford considered himself an expert on anything from a front-lawn robin to a high-wheeling whistling swan. He also considered himself master of his little, 16-gauge, side-by-side, double shotgun. Weatherby was aware of Rabby's self-confidence.

"I got blackbirds messin' with my seed corn, boy," he said grimly. "I need help, bad. Git your gun and set in that clump of mustard by the field. I'll give ye three cents each —y'll get rich!"

Rab tells it: "I humped in the weeds for an hour, but after the first shot the flock departed. I soon got the feeling I was a human scarecrow."

Off on his porch Weatherby listened to a country stillness free of shotgun blast and blackbird squawking and laughed. Then suddenly he heard the blam-blam of a gun. The blasting went on and on by spells for a long while. At last the boy came along lugging a bushel basket nearly full of pulverized, corn-fed blackbirds.

They returned to the field together. "Shucks, the field's still full of varmints," Weatherby complained.

"Those are my decoys," Rab said calmly, "cardboard and shoeblackings!" His bounty money paid only for half his ammunition, but the lesson was worth the loss.

Young Rab's victory over the blackbird menace fired him for ducks that fall, and he whittled away on his first decoy until his carving hand was so blistered it looked like a pan of fresh biscuits. He carved the body and head in two pieces of soft pine and glued them together. There was a hollow flotation chamber and a leaded keel for buoyancy and balance. Backing off 20 feet, he decided the lopsided rig looked like a duck. Then he got to painting, and gravity pulled his dandy feather marks down into zebra stripes. Four or five coats later, he had the knack of making the feathers stay in one place till they dried. When he'd finished, he showed it to Les Tooker, a veteran bayman and shooter in the area.

"Might do," Les drawled. "Now make another." Rab went back to work with hardening hands.

Rab tells about the early hunting: "I had about a half dozen when the season opened and I thought I had them placed right, but birds kept sailing over high, wide and handsome. I decided to find out where they were going, so I took my little boat and went around the bay and kept pushing birds out of different places. After that, I hunted until I found the spots they were using and I got some shooting. It was some time before I killed a bird in the air; a canvasback will hit an air speed of seventy mph, which would be going some for a blackbird.

"That was the first lesson I learned, that you can't pull waterfowl into a place they aren't using, because they go to the same spots traditionally migration after migration. I went hunting with Les Tooker many times and from him I learned patience. 'Let's cogitate awhile longer,' he'd say when I got impatient. He taught me to be a waiter. He also taught me many clever ways to set a rig, how to call ducks in, and how to manage a dog. You learn that you need fewer decoys for the puddle ducks and geese that come to our waters earlier in the season, and that they can be called. You learn that the puddlers like shallow water, protected water. They are the ducks like mallard, pintail, shoveller, baldpate, black duck. There are many more. The big goose is the Canada, of course, and in other parts blue geese, snow geese, and white fronts which can't be called.

"Then reaching our bays and offshore grounds later there are diving ducks: canvasback, a few redheads, coots or scoter, bufflehead, golden eye, and scaup. The divers are deep water ducks that swim right [*Continued on page* 60]

THE HERO WHO SPAWNED BEN HUR

When the talk turns to the fickle fingers of Fate, consider the tragedy of the "mysterious" Lew Wallace. Today he is known as the man who saved Metro Goldwyn Mayer—when he should be honored as a top Civil War hero and the man who backed down Billy the Kid

by Maxwell Hamilton

Illustrated by John Scott

● A magazine editor, standing at the corner of New York's Broadway and 44th Street one day last spring, pointed to the name Lew Wallace blazing in lights from two prominent theater marquees, and then grunted sourly at the irony of the situation.

"It'll be a miracle," the editor said sardonically, "if old Lew Wallace isn't spinning in his grave. Here he is one of the greatest fighting men this country ever produced, and nobody seems to know it. All he's remembered for, even by the few who see his name, is that he once wrote a successful book and once sat as a judge at a trial!"

The editor shook his head sadly. Just east of where he stood, one theater marquee proclaimed the successful run of a play called *The Andersonville Trial,* the dramatic recreation of the Civil War prison camp court-martial proceedings over which Gen. Lew Wallace had presided. The other theater front burned with excitement over the MGM picture *Ben Hur.* Lew Wallace was the author of *Ben Hur.*

Though he had an action-packed lifetime matched by that of few other men in America's history, Lew Wallace today remains a mystery man. He is a semitragic figure who, although he literally saved the United States from almost certain destruction—and therefore should be one of the best-known of all our Civil War heroes—is instead almost forgotten by his countrymen except as a writer.

Please turn page

Gen. Lew Wallace

THE HERO WHO SPAWNED BEN HUR

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Perhaps the answer to this paradox lies in Wallace's own inauspicious beginnings. Born into a distinguished Crawfordsville, Indiana, family in 1827 (his father was a West Pointer who later became governor of Indiana), Wallace himself spent the first 20 years of his life struggling to get his bearings.

A far from brilliant student, he was bounced out of four schools by the time he entered his teens; he was an incorrigible truant. He tried to become a lawyer like his father, and flunked the bar exams miserably. By the time he was 17, he had resigned himself to spending the rest of his life as a minor clerk in a county records office, and he was such a complete and utter disappointment to his parents that his father finally turned him out of the house as a hopeless failure.

Floundering and unsure of himself at the age of 19, he enlisted in the Army at the outbreak of the Mexican War in 1846 —and that changed his life. Lew Wallace discovered he was born to be a fighting man.

Despite a mounting desire to get into combat, he did little other than serve his country honorably in that border war. But he came back from the front in 1848 a changed man.

"This slavery mess is never going to be solved peacefully," he vehemently told a young Crawfordsville friend a short time later. "It's bound to result in civil war, and my own feeling is that we ought to start getting ready for it."

Although the friend wasn't so sure, Wallace himself started immediately to get ready for war. At the same time he resumed his law studies, and passed the bar exams successfully. Then he set up a semi-successful law practice in Crawfordsville.

"You don't mean you plan to *re-enlist?*" his wife Susan asked him one night. The daughter of Crawfordsville's wealthiest and most distinguished country squire, Susan was convinced that her young husband's future lay in making a name for himself as a lawyer who, perhaps, one day would take over the operation of her father's vast estate.

No, Lew told her thoughtfully, he wasn't planning to re-enlist. What he was planning was the formation of a trained militia unit that would be ready for action the minute the slave question should erupt into war. [*Continued on page* 57]

Then just as the ranks began to waver, Wallace made a move that stiffened the Zouaves—and suddenly everything changed.

TABU

Everybody on the island knew that the beautiful Rain Goddess must not be touched. But the savage Halfman loved her—and the missionary didn't understand "sin"

Horror Fiction to Remember

by Robert Edmond Alter

Illustrated by Norman Baer

● There was only one white man on the beach at Uvéa—even the missionary was ■ breed, and the storekeeper ■ Chinese Nationalist from Hong Kong. But Turton—casual, hands in pockets, Baden-Powell on head, ■ suit of white drill covering ■ slack, comfortable figure, an easy smile coming and going with the regularity of surf breaking on a smooth coral beach—was a full-blown Caucasian; American, English, or Australian, I'd never thought to ask, and he'd spent too many years with bush Kanakas to tell from his voice.

He met me on the rickety old jetty with one outstretched hand, the other holding its own in the fastness of his trousers pocket. He had a way about him, when standing, of leading with his

Please turn page

"I watched as Halfman balanced on his one leg. 'Come down,' he beseeched Tani. 'Love is more beautiful than rain.'"

TABU

Continued from preceding page

stomach: a seemingly easy-going posture that had the aura of inviting you to relax likewise. He appeared to be a comfortable person to know.

"Come up to the shack and have a drink," he offered. "Don't say no . . . A white man can't live in this lousy climate without gin."

He led the way along a path barely discernible among the rank-and-file of coconut trees that were forever marching to the sea, and we cleared a creek containing a minor thread of amber water by way of an aged footbridge. "This," he mentioned, "becomes quite swollen when the rains come. The hills are very steep."

"The rains are bad then?"

He shrugged. "When we have them. The Kanakas pray for rain, you know. Not to the missionary's God, to the Rain Princess. She, in turn, prays to the Rain God. Intercession, pure and simple."

Turton's "shack" was a small bungalow, neatly set up in a silver-and-white pisiona grove, flanked by a broad, rattan hung veranda. He motioned me toward a wicker chair, pausing himself to call into the house, "Riki—two gins," and to me, "I have ice."

Sitting, he showed me his smile again and offered cigarettes.

"So you're a writer? What topic?"

"This," I waved my hand toward the trees, the sea, "—the South Pacific. I'd been at it for ten years and had never left San Francisco until last January. I thought it was time I came out here and saw what it is that I've been making a living from."

"And how have you found it?"

"Different . . . In a way I'm disappointed."

"How?"

"Well, I've been writing adventure stories: you know—civilized white man thrown out of his element, suddenly confronted by black savagery . . . Unfortunately, I've found damn little savagery in the last five months. Skin disease, dirt, flies, little children begging for 'fella cig'ret,' but savagery—no."

"Oh well, savagery—" Turton's voice checked as the houseboy, a Malay immaculate in white jacket, turban and sarong, approached us with a gleaming tray of iced drinks. We helped ourselves and settled back in our chairs. Turton cocked his feet on the veranda rail.

"If," he continued, "you're looking for headhunters and *kai-kai* (cannibalism), you must know where to go. New Guinea, of course, is a grand place for that sort of thing. But savagery—a state of barbarism—depends, I believe, on the eyes of the beholder. That's where my father and I would have disagreed. He was of the opinion that any Melanesian who didn't accept his God was a heathen savage. I've never gone along with that. But then, father was a missionary."

He looked at me and chuckled.

"No fear . . . I'm the case of the missionary's son turned bad."

I asked him if he'd been "out here" long.

"Yes, born here. Until I was fourteen—when the missionary society removed me to Sydney—I thought Uvéa was the known world."

I still couldn't place him. He wasn't a missionary, didn't have the earmarks of a beachcomber nor, did I think, a remittance man. I asked why the society had taken him to Sydney.

"My parents were both dead. Father died in '25. My mother tried to stay on—bearing the old cross—but succumbed a year later to one of the more horrible bush diseases. I returned to the islands when I was of age." He gave me an off-beat smile and added, "I didn't know if I'd stay or not at first . . . until I realized that the natives wanted me to remain."

"Why was that? Had you done something special for them?"

"They thought so." He left it hanging enigmatically, so I retracted a bit. "You didn't say what your father died of."

His smile advanced. "Of not understanding sin."

"Pardon me?"

"He broke a Kanaka *tambo* (tabu to you), and the natives killed him."

That startled me. I knew that such things sometimes happened, but that it should have happened to his father, and that he had returned to the scene of the tragedy to live, bothered me.

"They murdered him?"

"I didn't say that. You must understand that to a Kanaka a tambo means as much as the white man's law means to you. I've always felt that father broke a Kanaka law and Kanaka justice punished him. My mother, of course, blamed it on Halfman, but then my mother never could see beyond the surface of any issue."

"Halfman?" I prompted.

"Excuse me: of course you don't know about Halfman. But I think I'd better let you see my father first . . ."

"Father looked the part—a preacher, I mean. Tall, emaciated, gray-faced, with that starved-wolf aspect. That was father to me, just three colors, gray face, white suit and black Bible. He was of the old school—hell and brimstone ranter. A little crazy, no doubt, and a little frightening. Sin was his favorite word, and what stood behind the word was his purpose in life. I can still see him following the Kanakas about, book in hand, long skinny arm outstretched, bony finger pointing like a weapon of the Lord, looking for sin. And if he found any, you'd hear him all over the island. 'Sin! Sin! Sin!' he'd shriek."

Turton sipped at his drink, his eyes crinkling with amusement.

"During his fifteen-year [*Continued on page* 81]

Florida's Most Glamorous Garage

Here Cavalier presents the first in a new picture series on the world's classic car museums—the Carriage Cavalcade at Silver Springs, a collection to make a car lover rev up and purr

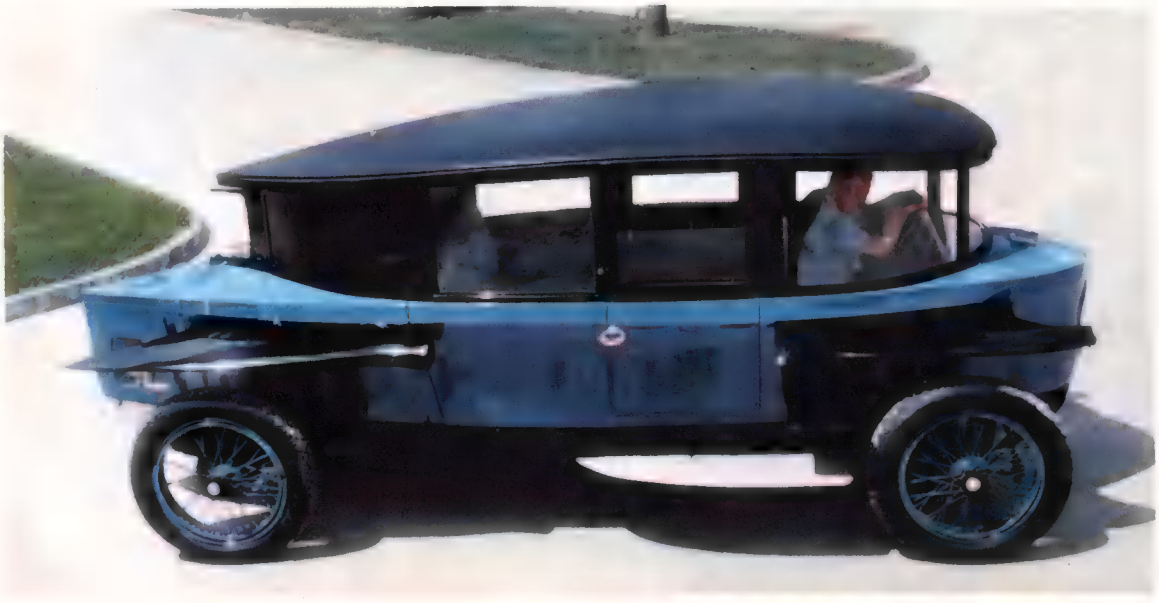
● Way back when, Illinois businessman Samuel D. Jarvis bought himself a Stanley Steamer. Then he acquired a Model T Ford—and he was hooked. He and his son Vernon had become car buffs. Their collection is now housed at Silver Springs, Florida, in a museum they built for it.

In many ways, the museum is unique. In addition to antique and classic cars, it contains 55 carriages—from a 1798 one-horse pleasure wagon to a four-horse 1905 steam-driven pumper—and an historic collection of outboard motors.

Each of the cars at the exhibit is completely restored and kept in working order by expert mechanic Ralph Bouillon. •

Please turn page

1918 Rumpler is one of world's most unusual cars. Designed and built by the German aircraft engineer, it has a four-cylinder, water-cooled motor in rear, top speed of 60 mph. There are two jump seats in the middle; the driver sits in extreme front. Fins, of aluminum, are functional: front ones contain the lights; rear, air vents to motor. This was the first serious attempt at streamlining the automobile.



Florida's Most Glamorous Garage

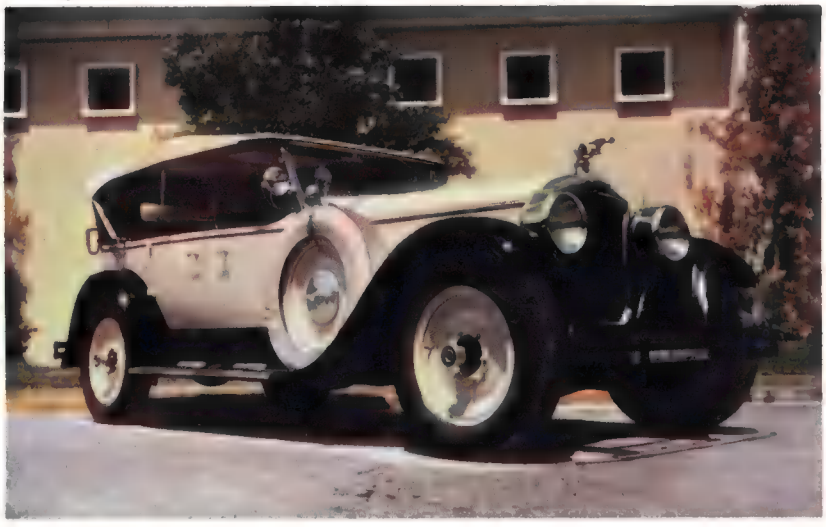
Continued from preceding page

Photographed especially for Cavalier by Martin Iger

1912 four-cylinder Hudson Roadster was top car in the low price field. Like most cars of the era, it carries own gas tank in rear.

1937 Mercedes Benz 540-K (in foreground) was allegedly built for the king of Afghanistan for $40,000. Powered by an eight-cylinder, supercharged engine, it will do 120 mph. It has ball joint suspension and a disappearing top. In background is museum.

1927 Packard Phaeton, straight-8, is true luxury car. This one, now restored, had been used by local Shriners, contained such unorthodox features as water squirters, many holes.



1913 Oakland Touring car, four cylinders, is the ancestor of the modern Pontiac. It develops 30 hp.

Please turn page

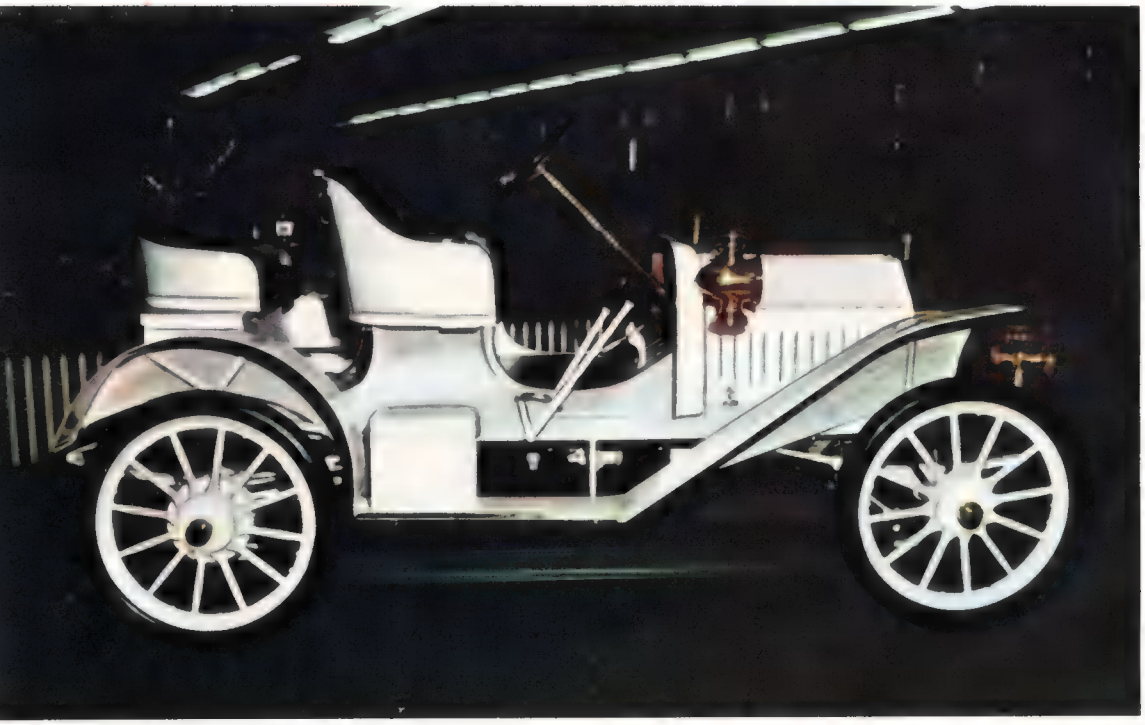
1908 Chalmers Touring was the first production car in the United States to have a cylinder block cast in one piece. The transmission and four-cylinder engine form a unit. It has a top speed of 50 mph and sold for $1,500.

Florida's Most Glamorous Garage

Continued from preceding page

1920 Templar Sports Roadster was deservedly known as "The Superfine Small Car." But it priced itself out of the market at over $2,000. It has four cylinders, aluminum body.

1908 Buick Model 10, called the "White Streak," was so popular it made Buick a major force in the automobile industry. It has a four-cylinder, 18 hp motor. Price $900.



1913 Stutz Bearcat is world's most famous raceabout, one of most wanted antique cars. A four-cylinder T-head engine gave a top speed of 80 mph. It was the sports car of its day.

Why is this Man the Toughest Man in Boxing?

Please Turn Page

Why is this Man the Toughest Man in Boxing?

TOUGH BATTLER BONOMI will alter face of boxing.

His name is Jack Bonomi and if you haven't heard of him already, you will hear plenty about him in the next few weeks. As lawyer for the new Kefauver Committee, he's due to knock more guys out of boxing than anyone since Joe Louis. Only most of Bonomi's targets will end up in or near a jail cell

by Walter Wager

● Six feet tall, 175 pounds, quick on his feet and a murderous counter-puncher, a rugged Brooklynite named Jack Bonomi is U. S. boxing's latest sensation. He isn't as shifty as Archie Moore or as fast as Floyd Patterson, but he's kayoed opponents neither champion would dare to face. He's put Frankie Carbo, underworld fight overlord with five homicide indictments, in the hospital. He's eased multi-millionaire Jim Norris, former International Boxing Club money man, right out of boxing.

Now 37, Bonomi has come a long way since he took the Columbia College welterweight title in 1943. Today he wears the colors of the U. S. Senate. John Gurnee Bonomi is the special counsel heading Senator Estes Kefauver's headline-making investigation of gangster infiltration into boxing. The crime-busting senator from Tennessee looked all over the country for a shrewd, ring-savvy investigator who couldn't be bought or intimidated. He picked Jack Bonomi, and he's never regretted it. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles sports writers agree that this good-looking, square-faced Ivy Leaguer is the one man who's scared the mobsters in the last 30 years.

"That guy's trying to kill us," a notorious Miami hood complained recently.

He was absolutely right. Ambitious and stubborn, Bonomi means to destroy the criminal elements who dominate professional prize fighting in America.

Jack Bonomi was born in Brooklyn on August 13, 1923. His mother was a brilliant attorney of Scotch-Irish extraction, author of nine law books. His father was an able electrical engineer whose family roots lay in Italy. The boy, who later came to be known for his cool skill as a cross-examiner, won the Theodore Roosevelt Oratory Prize in 1940 at New York's Andrew Jackson High School.

He first put on the gloves himself when he entered Columbia in September 1940, and he slugged his way to the college welterweight crown there within two years. Even after he enlisted in the Army as a private in March 1943 he kept on boxing in his spare time, and when he was overseas he helped out as a ring instructor for the 492nd Bomber Group. That was a B-24 outfit.

Wearing six battle stars, Bonomi was in the U.S.A. en route from Europe to Okinawa when the Japanese surrendered. He returned to Columbia, a little tougher, a little wiser, a little more determined. After he got his B.A., he entered Cornell Law School. After receiving his law degree, he spent nine months—and all his savings—wandering around France and Italy.

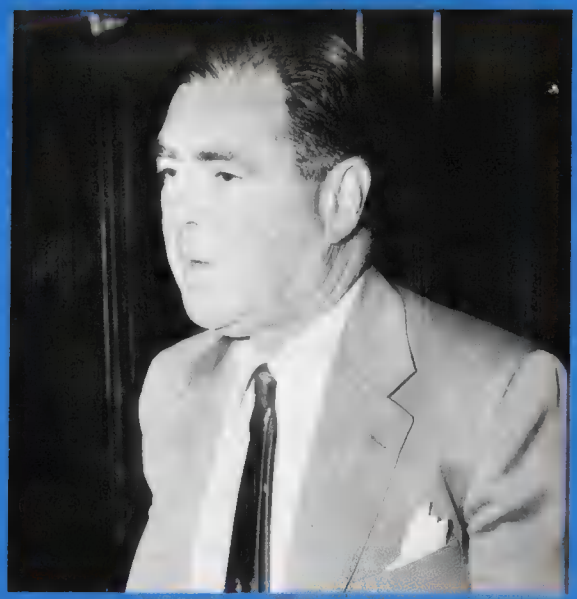
Then he spent six months working for a New York City law firm before heading for Washington to join the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. That was the beginning of his career as an investigator. The R.F.C. was being blasted by Senator Fulbright for serious internal corruption, and Bonomi was assigned to a special unit to clean up the mess. He learned a lot from two excellent bosses, one a former F.B.I. agent who was a genius at locating skeletons in closets. Bonomi liked investigating, but it didn't occur to him to make a career of it.

"I wouldn't want to be typed as a prosecutor—even

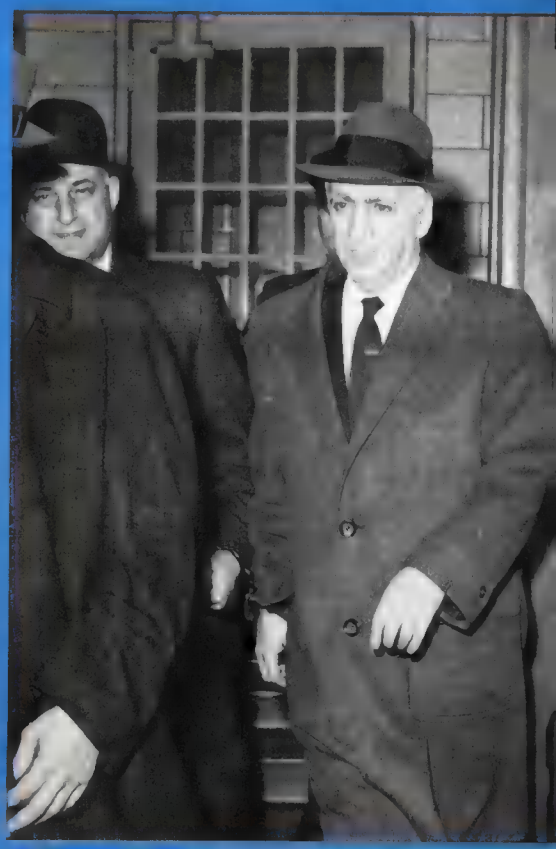
SPORTS FINAL
5¢
New York Mirror
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1960

Set Norris Quiz Dec. 5

STORY ON PAGE 32



MULTI-MILLIONAIRE JAMES NORRIS ran fight game's powerful I.B.C., will be questioned by Bonomi this month.



FRANKIE CARBO or MR. GREY, as some call him, will be spotlighted in Senate quiz.

now," he said recently in commenting on his work.

During this period, Bonomi shared a flat with another bachelor who was dating one of the secretaries on Senator Richard Nixon's staff. She introduced him to a slim, pretty, sharp-as-a-stiletto U.C.L.A. grad working for California's other senator. The four months' courtship ended when Bonomi married Pat Updegraff in August of 1953.

When they returned from a Mexican honeymoon, Bonomi decided that he didn't want to be a career staff lawyer on the Hill. He liked the glamor and excitement of a post with Congress, but he wanted more action.

In November 1953, he joined the staff of District Attorney Frank Hogan in New York City. Hogan is unchallenged as the best D.A. in America. His law enforcement operation is tough, modern, clean and impervious to political pressure. Starting in the Complaints Bureau, Bonomi handled a wide variety of fraud, larceny and extortion cases. There Bonomi learned about nuts-and-bolts justice.

"It was an excellent way to develop investigative skills, to perfect methods of interviewing and digging," Bonomi told a Senate colleague recently. "It was a first class school. We got results too. Nobody could 'fix' a case in Hogan's office. We were all proud of that."

After five months, Bonomi moved on to the Frauds Bureau for a busy year. He got into court for the first time, and he ate it up. He tried dozens of cases. His very first battle involved a $250,000 fur swindle, and he won it hands down. In 1955, he volunteered to serve as head of the Youth Parts of the Courts of General and Special Sessions. Nobody else wanted the job of handling Manhattan 16- to 19-year-olds who'd gotten into trouble, [*Continued on page 75*]

The Dog Fight
That May Never End
see next page
J. D. CARRICK

The Dog Fight That May Never End

In December of 1959 Cavalier sprang the exclusive story by Robert Buie, the Australian who presented a good case for his claim of killing Manfred von Richthofen. Now a top air expert gives new evidence on the great fight

by Douglas Oliver and D. A. Russell
Illustrated by C. A. Carrick

● At dawn on April 21, 1918, the C.O. of 209 Squadron, stepped outside the hut door and cut his eyes upward. The early morning dew, it seemed, extended several thousand feet in the sky. Visibility was so poor the sun appeared only as a formless blob of red on the horizon. At 8:15, scheduled takeoff time for the Camels of the early patrol, visibility was no better. It wasn't until 9:35 that the five Le Rhônes coughed into life and the Camels bumped their way down the field and took off into a clearing sky. Roy Brown, whose stomach troubled him, was leading the show. At brief intervals, the rest of the squadron took off and followed.

A little more than an hour later, a vicious dog fight developed over the battered Somme—a dog fight that resulted in the death of Germany's greatest aerial warrior, and a scrap that started a violent controversy that began even before the body of the victim began to cool. The controversy still rages.

In the whirling melée of Camels and Tripes, three planes separated and began

a deadly game of follow-the-leader. The lead ship was a Camel flown by a new pilot called Wop May. On his tail was a pure red Fokker Triplane whose twin Spandaus crackled a song of death for the youthful lad from Alberta, Canada. The gloved hand on the Tripe's trigger belonged to a 22-year-old former cavalry captain named Manfred von Richthofen, who was in the process of trying for his 81st kill. And behind the Tripe was Camel No. B 7270, flown by another Canadian named Arthur Royal Brown.

Wop May was Brown's chum, and Brown—his stomach now forgotten—knew that if he didn't knock down the Tripe at once, Wop May would never again see home. He pressed the attack, his two Vickers guns firing in a sustained burst. And on the ground, the trenches went mad with Lewis gunfire as the Australian infantry brought sights to bear on the Triplane.

Then, near Sailly-le-Sec, the Triplane faltered and plunged to earth, crashing just beside the Bray-Corbie road. Wop May was saved, von Richthofen was dead, and Roy Brown had added another victory to his list. At least, it was credited to him.

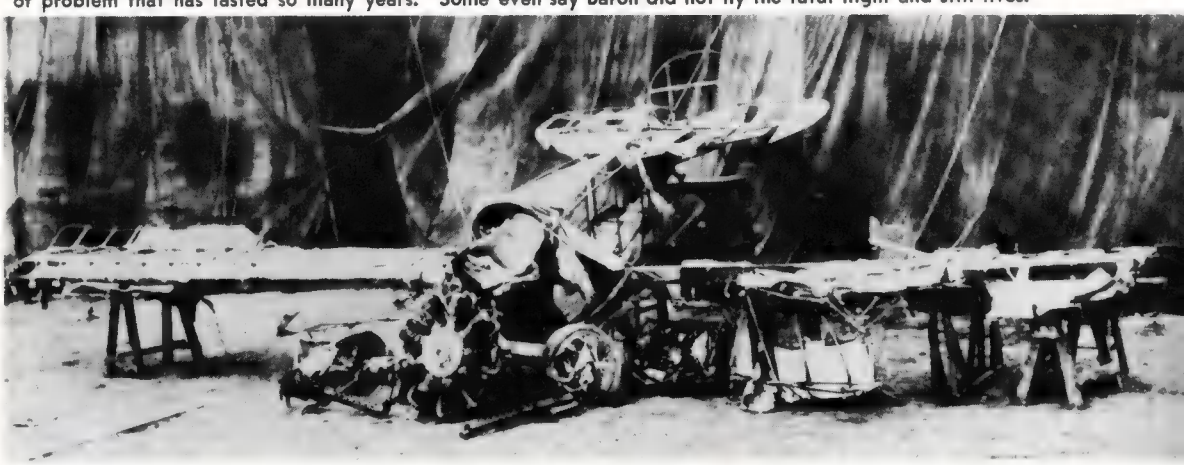
But an Aussie machine-gunner named Robert Buie said *he* killed Richthofen, and no two ways about it. The 53rd Battery, Australian Field Artillery, was in fact congratulated by the brass for eliminating the Red Baron. The battle over who killed von Richthofen had started even before the great ace was buried.

You can read Gunner Buie's first-hand story of how he shot down von Richthofen in the December 1959

Please turn page

THE RED BARON, von Richthofen himself, in one of the most informal pictures ever taken of the top ace.

THE BARON'S BIER, this stripped triplane, was picked clean by souvenir hunters who hindered solution of problem that has lasted so many years. Some even say Baron did not fly the fatal flight and still lives.



The Dog Fight That May Never End

Continued from preceding page

issue of CAVALIER. His story is as convincing as Roy Brown's was. But Brown died in 1944 and cannot add any fresh facts to the subject. Buie is still alive Down Under, and like many other ground fighters, he thinks maybe the air people are too proud to admit that lowly ground fire could ever knock off a top pilot, although God knows there were many fine pilots killed by machine-gun fire from the ground.

The problem remains unresolved, despite impressive, documented evidence from both sides of the battle.

Now, in answer to a great many requests from our readers, CAVALIER has asked Mr. D. A. Russell, publisher of the well-known Harleyford Books, to present a counter-argument to the killed-from-the-ground adherents. Probably no more respected aviation historian exists than D. A. Russell who, if any mortal can, should be able to shed new light on The Riddle of Richthofen's Death.—**The Editors**

A report by Doug Oliver of Toronto, Canada, will add to the controversy. Oliver, who has a keen interest in World War I aviation, though he was a Canadian infantryman in that war, located Dr. Grattan Clifford Graham who was said to be the first man to reach Richthofen's machine that famous day. This is the report of Doug Oliver:

by Doug Oliver

Around noon of April 21, 1918, Dr. Grattan Clifford Graham, from the sleepy Canadian summer resort town of Fenelon Falls, Ontario, made two professional calls. Not of choice, but on orders. Routine, yet under shell fire. He didn't like the assignment one bit, because the constantly-jittery Amiens battle front had fanned into violent flame again, and keeping one's self alive had been pretty well restored to the old day-to-day basis. Certainly he couldn't begin to guess, now, what lay ahead of him this jumpy morning. Far-sighted as he was in many respects, he couldn't possibly have suspected that he was about to trigger the celebrated "Who Killed Richthofen?" controversy which, for more than 40 years, would challenge all shades of public opinion everywhere.

Graham didn't know Richthofen from a load of hay. In fact, before this eventful noontide he had never heard Richthofen's name mentioned. Neither anywhere, nor under any circumstances. And yet, by luck or misadventure, he probably was the first to reach the German ace's fallen plane, and the first to pass expert, if hurried, medical opinion upon the nature of his death-blow.

"I'm not particularly interested," he says today, "in who shot down the German flyer and who didn't. He was only another dead Hun to me. What I'd like to say—and I said it 'officially' long ago—is that if Richthofen was killed by machine gun fire from the ground he must have been flying upside down at the time, and heading back to his own line."

Graham contends further that a single bullet, by whom and however fired, ended Richthofen's life with the suddenness of a popping light bulb. Really, he says, the German never knew what hit him. And, if his machine flew on some distance, after the bullet had passed through him, those who shot at it over that extra distance (whether air-gunners, ground-gunners, or both) were simply wasting valuable ammunition.

"They were," he stresses, "just banging away at an enemy machine with a corpse at the controls."

"Gratt" Graham's role—short-lived and underplayed as always it has been—in this first war long-run battle drama was created entirely by accident. In the spring of 1918 he was one of the medical officers of the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance. This unit was operating back of Arras when (March 21) the Germans launched their long and carefully prepared "Kaiserbattle." Its immediate headway was so staggering that by March 24 Graham's unit had been shifted by forced marching (35 miles in a single night) to a point midway between the Artois capital and the "leaning Virgin" town of Albert. There, it was to take over from an English field ambulance, but on arrival it found little left of the Imperials to relieve.

Engineers were blowing up bridges and roads to stem the German advance. Pitiful remnants of Gough's hard-hit army reeled rearward, calling for aid of every description. There was no defensive line left to hold, and little semblance of order or control. Men were actually asleep on their feet. Every dragging hour seemed to bring some new alarm, some fresh order to "Stand To!" And, yet, Graham's unit stuck it out there for a couple of days, ministering as best it could to wounded, gassed, shell-shocked and sick.

By the end of March, the German pressure on Amiens —the focal point of the enemy's drive—had lessened, and the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance was able to return to its old familiar stamping ground. Graham, now, was much more skilled and warwise than he'd been before—a medical officer to be relied on, no matter the symptom nor the savagery of any situation which, henceforth, might embroil him. For two weeks he was busily engaged in general ambulance work, casualty clearing operations, and the occasional front line tour with some infantry outfit. Then, one night, to his utter surprise, he was summoned to his orderly room, and, with no explanation whatsoever that he remembers, bluntly instructed to report "right away" to the Royal Army Medical Corps, "somewhere on the Somme."

It appeared that the 22nd Wing was short a medical officer, and Graham had been named to the vacancy.

At the time, Graham thought it extremely strange that he should be sent away on some cockeyed outside job when the Canadian Corps needed every man it could lay its hands on. Since April 5, just four divisions of Canadians had been holding approximately one-fifth of the entire British battle line (31,500 yards). They had stretched themselves, like elastic, to the near-snapping point. How in thunder, pondered Graham, could they spare *even him* under such dangerous circum-

A Doctor's Post Mortem . . .

". . . If Richthofen was killed by machine-gun fire from the ground, he must have been flying upside down and heading back to his own line."

Dr. Grattan Clifford Graham
Fenelon Falls, Ontario, Canada,
ex-Medical Officer, 5th
Canadian Field Ambulance

stances? But orders were orders, and never to be trifled with, and so he humped his gas respirator up to his chest, slung his medical haversack over his shoulder, tightened the chin strap to his tin lid, and took off—hitchhiking by lorry—for the south.

Today, he recalls few details of his confused trip down to his new and he hoped temporary post. All he recalls is that he didn't like his air force transfer much. He could scarcely tell one type of RAF machine from another, he considered many of the cocky kids who flew them "barmy," and—well, what the hell was a Wing, anyhow?

Accordingly, it was with many misgivings that he found himself, eventually, shoved forward from the 22nd's base (wherever that was) into some advanced spotting post in a shot-up riverside town answering to the name of Vaux-sur-Somme. Just why he and his small medical detail, plus an RAF adjutant and a handful of RAF details, should be plunked down here, under camouflage and almost peeking into the Germans' front parlor, he never learned, and really made no effort to ascertain. His main job was to fare forth when ordered, and report upon, where possible, the occupants of all shot-down planes within reasonable reach.

During the first four days of his undercover existence in Vaux he had made two such visits to German machines. In each case he'd found the pilot burned to a crisp, with little remaining to indicate whether machine guns had spelled this ugly form of death for them or not.

Then came April 21. A day, which up to noon or thereabouts, had meant little. Suddenly, a couple of RAF people rushed in on him, calling excitedly: "One of theirs has just gone down. Maybe you'd better take a look at it."

Graham was reluctant to go. For one thing, the Germans had stepped up the tempo of their artillery fire on Vaux, and was dousing the countryside around liberally with "Yellow Cross" or mustard gas. To the southeast, not much more than a mile distant, Hamel, which he already knew from H.Q. gossip, was getting quite a pounding, too. Perhaps the Australians were preparing for another crack at this German strongpoint, or it could possibly be (he imagined) the first flexing of unused muscles by the Yanks who, reportedly, had gone in there. In any case, this revived activity betokened no good for anyone. Hence, if he just had to go out and examine another crashed plane, he'd better be on his guard more than normally. He didn't want some German outpost patrol popping up unexpectedly from nowhere to take him prisoner, if he could help it.

With a young sergeant in tow, Graham quit Vaux and scurried back country toward the approximate location he'd been given. The minute he was fairly in the open, and scampering from one fold of ground to another, he drew shell fire. At last, somebody (if only the enemy) was, as he felt, taking a "personal" interest in him. He ducked into a thick neck of woods along the Somme, and finally worked his way out—some 800 or 900 yards from Vaux—to a fairly wide sweep of grassland plateau which looked to him "as bare of cover as any billiard ball."

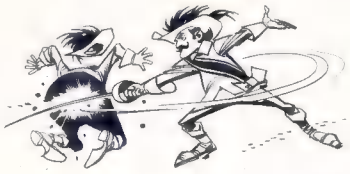
No longer does he recollect who shouted first—he or his non-com. But someone unquestionably yelled, "There it is!" and the next thought which occurred to the Canadian M.O. was: "Damned if it isn't ALL RED."

The downed German plane, with black cross showing dully through the well-stained fabric of its fuselage, was over partly on one side with its pilot slumped forward in his seat, and hard against the restraining strap. Graham and his companion walked around the "crash." Graham took a closer look at the flyer. He was stone dead, with blood on his lips. Then, Graham's professional eye found the telltale hole in the man's back, where a bullet had entered, and the slightly bleeding opening where the same bullet had exited. He snapped his fingers. "Just like that," he observed. "Died instantly."

"Brrram! Brrram!" Two enemy shells—close. They'd have to hurry, thought Graham, or they'd be as "kaput" as this unsolicited patient of his. Another screaming "crump"—this one, big stuff. Graham reached into the cockpit, forced the pilot's shoulders back, and took an identification bracelet (it looked like silver) from either the flyer's neck or wrist. (He can't remember which). Next, he hurriedly opened the man's tunic and removed all the papers he could find on him. He showed the bracelet and the papers to the sergeant. Together, they noted the spelling of the name upon them—

"R-I-C-H-T-H-O-F-E-N"

That identification, however, didn't register a bit. The name was entirely *new* to both of them. Just another "Heinie" who'd got his, and [*Continued on page* 53]



The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from

Of Our Blade

the flat of CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome

To ARLENE FRANCIS

● Arlene Francis, one of the more ubiquitous hacks of the entertainment world, has done such yeoman service for so long in helping to make *"What's My Line?"* an unbearable bore that she recently branched out as an author as well. Her idea, apparently, is that since she has gotten by so handsomely for so many years on television with no discernible talent, she might just as well take a crack at literature on the same basis.

After all, if talent is no requirement, the possibilities for expansion are limitless.

So Arlene published a book called *That Certain Something* in which she attempted to instruct other people in how to be charming. It was a remarkable literary achievement. It demonstrated that, given sufficient gall, a person can actually write a book on charm without (1) being charming and (2) without being able to write.

Miss Francis' publicity releases boast that she attended the Finch Finishing School, but they don't say for how long. About two weeks would be a good guess, since she evidently left Finishing School with a few subjects unfinished—elementary English, for instance. In her book she commits every grammatical atrocity known to the Sixth Grade, and in a hopeless attempt to sound slick and sophisticated she continually uses flossy words of whose meaning she obviously hasn't the faintest glimmer. (It's a little late in the day, Arlene honey, but just for kicks look up the meaning of your favorite Freudian word *id* some time. You'll be surprised. And as for howlers like "self-centered narcissist"—well, you're a new beginner at the writing dodge, aren't you, dear?)

It goes without saying that nobody with the remotest understanding of so delicate a thing as feminine charm would be guilty of blathering about it through several hundred pages of heavy-breathing prose, or of imagining that it could be peddled like pickles or potatoes. What it really takes to put on so lumpish and inept a performance as *That Certain Something* is, in fact, the exact opposite of charm and the farthest thing from it—brass, just barefaced brass.

In other words: *"Charm loses itself the moment it becomes blatantly self-conscious."*

It hardly seems credible, kiddies, but those self-evident words were written by nobody else but that dazzling charmer, Arlene Francis herself, which raises the interesting question of whether the lady bothers to read her own stuff. If she sincerely believed that line, she would never have produced her appalling book in the first place and would retire gracefully from public life tomorrow, never to be heard from again.

Far from retiring gracefully, however, Miss Francis has recently taken on a new interview show on the radio, thereby making herself practically inescapable by day or night. If she isn't busy spreading around her delectable personality with a trowel on TV, she is dinning it into our defenseless ears over the kilocycles or beating us over the head with it in print.

Maybe another word she should look up, when she gets around to borrowing a dictionary from some literate friend, is this one: "Overexposure."

Arlene's interview show, incidentally, affords some choice examples of how she puts her own rules on how to be charming into practice. Not long ago she was interviewing Lucille Ball, and a better demonstration of the true Francis touch you couldn't hope for.

During most of the interview it was difficult to figure out who was being interviewed—Lucy or Arlene. The listener was treated to almost as many comments, opinions, observations and anecdotes from Arlene as from Lucy, who somehow managed to refrain from shouting, "For God's sake let me get a word in edgewise!" as she probably felt like doing.

But the most characteristic sample of the old Francis charm came when Lucy referred to her USO tours with Bob Hope. "That was during the war," she said, and added: "Don't ask me which war."

The charming Miss Francis was right on tap with a typical flash of the wit that has made her so beloved by one and all.

"The Spanish-American war?" she purred.

All of which suggests that as far as any practical application goes, her book *That Certain Something* might better be titled *That Definite Nothing.*

Before ending this little valentine, however, it may be instructive—instructive for Miss Francis, that is—to repeat another one of her own lines, to which she herself seems to pay no attention whatever:

"Counterfeit charm is worse than none at all."

Honey, you hit the nail right on the cuticle. . . ●

OUR NAVY'S GREATEST DRY-RUN DISASTER

When two destroyers crashed off California not long ago, they did more than damage each other. They brought back the memory of a blunder that hurt the U.S. Navy back in 1923. This is one story the admirals would like to forget—and they very nearly did

Even the pounding roar of the ocean, lashing at twisted hulks, couldn't drown out the screams of the survivors.

by Don Dwiggins

Illustrated by Vic Mays

● Captain E. H. Watson, arrogantly proud skipper of the Pacific Battle Fleet's Destroyer Squadron 11, strode across the bridge of his flagship, the *U. S. S. Delphy*, feeling the surge of the sea like fire in his leg muscles. Squadron 11 was a line of sleek, steel terriers streaking single file down the California coast—toward a rendezvous with death.

But Captain Watson, the salt air heady in his nostrils as the *Delphy* knifed through green water off San Francisco Light Vessel, had no premonition of disaster. Lean, muscular and gentlemanly, he was Navy with a capital N. A Kentuckian by birth and a graduate of Annapolis in 1895, he had every reason to be proud, perhaps excusably overconfident.

On that morning, September 8, 1923, Captain Watson had the world by the tail—and he wasn't about to let go. He lived by the traditions of the sea, the things you did and thought and believed in without question. Rules were not made to be broken, even if you were certain you were right. Authority was the Navy's religion. You don't run a top flight destroyer squadron with a woman's intuition. You go

Please turn page

The nervous navigator thought he was plowing through the Santa Barbara Channel despite radio bearing he received from Arlight station. Here's an exclusive shot of the wrecked ships of Squadron II off Pedernales Point.

OUR NAVY'S GREATEST DRY-RUN DISASTER

Continued from preceding page

by the book, and all his men knew what that meant.

A second officer stepped onto the bridge and saluted Captain Watson. The *Delphy's* skipper, Lieutenant Commander D. T. Hunter, was a serious young career man whose face already wore deep lines of worry over his responsibility.

"Morning, sir," Hunter said. "We're right on schedule. It's exactly oh seven hundred."

Watson, smiling, instinctively checked his watch. He liked Hunter, felt he'd go far, if only he wouldn't be so damned rigid. He wondered whether Hunter had ever gotten drunk or had a woman in a distant port. But he said, "Good day for firing practice, commander. I think the squadron could use a little gunnery exercise this morning."

"Very well, sir," Hunter snapped. He saluted again, turned on his heel and disappeared. Watson lit his pipe and stood alone on the bridge, peering ahead at the horizon, where a coastal fog bank stretched low and ugly westward from the coastline. He frowned.

Fog meant navigating with the new-fangled wireless radio direction finders, relying on men in secure little shore stations to give out information that could be wrong. In his 18 years at sea, Captain Watson had come to believe implicitly in dead reckoning. You travel a 180-degree course for an hour at 20 knots and you've got to be 20 nautical miles south of where you were when you started.

At the moment, the *Delphy's* navigator, Lieutenant L. F. Blodgett, was bending over his charts, working with protractor, dividers, parallels and sharp pencils.

"What's our course, lieutenant?" Hunter asked.

Blodgett looked up and grinned. "One-sixty true, speed twenty knots, sir," he said. "Boy, that'll put us right into Santa Barbara Channel like threading a needle!"

"It better had," Hunter said grimly. "Remember, Blodgett, there are eighteen vessels in this formation. And each one of them is relying on your navigation. We're the lead ship."

"Yes, sir," Blodgett said. He felt heady, a little excited under the gaze of Lieutenant Commander

The flotsam flotilla lies in its watery junkyard . . . $10,500,000 worth of scrap that the Navy Department didn't know what to do about until an enterprising and irate newspaper editor virtually made them eat it.

History repeats—This is the folded back bow of the U.S.S. Collett after it collided with another destroyer 30 miles south of Los Angeles July 19, 1960, in another Navy "bonehead play" in several respects similar to that earlier one.

H. G. McDonald, the squadron engineer, and *Delphy* Lieutenants A. B. Cartwright and A. B. Mullinix and Ensign W. B. McHugh standing nearby.

"We'll pass Pigeon Point at eleven-thirty by one mile," Blodgett stated with assurance. "That'll put us five and a half miles off Point Sur at fourteen-fifteen."

Precisely at 9 a. m. the seven destroyers of Squadron 11, speeding southward in single file, began their thundering salvos, their four-inch guns barking seaward. To Watson, looking astern, the destroyer group formed an impressive sight. Behind the *Delphy* steamed the sleek four-stackers *S. P. Lee, Young, Woodbury, Nicholas, Chauncey* and *Fuller*. Following were destroyers of Squadrons 31 and 33, including the *Farragut, Somers* and *Marcus*.

Each of Squadron 11 destroyers had come down the ways at the Bethlehem Yard in San Francisco, except the *Delphy*, born at Squantum, Massachusetts.

War babies all, they had been launched in 1918, too late to fight but the best equipped destroyers afloat. Each was worth $1,500,000. From cutwater to stern, their 314 feet of muscular steel seemed to be indestructible.

In all naval history, in fact, America had lost only five such destroyers—the *DeLong*, which grounded two years earlier near Half Moon Bay; the old *Chauncey*, rammed by a British steamer in the Mediterranean; the *Jacob Jones*, torpedoed in World War I; the *Graham*, rammed in the Atlantic by a merchantman, and the *Woolsey*, rammed and sunk in 1921 returning from Panama.

With their four big four-inchers, a three-inch anti-aircraft gun and four 21-inch, triple torpedo tubes, these fast ships were the latest in lethal warship design. They had a top speed of 35 knots, thanks to four powerful screws.

But each of these greyhounds had a weakness as old as the sea—the men aboard her who sailed by the rules laid down by sailors before them. Rigid, iron-fisted salts, like Captain Watson, and cocksure navigators, like Lieutenant Blodgett, who did not trust the new science of wireless radio navigation.

Shortly before 11:30 the firing practice terminated. At that moment the destroyers knifed into the low-lying fog bank like so many ghosts. Blodgett hurriedly broke out his stadimeter and took a reading on Pigeon Point Light while it was still visible. From the tower's height he estimated their position as one mile offshore—smack on course. Blodgett pressed his lips confidently and jotted down the position on his chart.

Please turn page

OUR NAVY'S GREATEST DRY-RUN DISASTER

Continued from preceding page

Captain Watson stepped in off the bridge, rubbing his hands. The fog bank had closed in like an impenetrable white shroud. Uneasiness touched each man's heart.

"Shall we reduce speed, sir?" Hunter asked Captain Watson.

"No need to," the squadron skipper replied. "Let me know when we're abeam of Point Sur. I'm going below."

On down the California coast, the great fog bank spread far offshore, from the coastal plain of Burton Flat across Santa Barbara Channel to San Miguel Island. There, just a few hours earlier, the fog had claimed its first victim, the Pacific Mail liner *Cuba*, an 8,000-ton vessel northbound from Panama to San Francisco.

Trouble had dogged the *Cuba* since leaving Balboa when her generator began acting up. Her radio dead, the *Cuba* pushed cautiously through the blinding fog that Saturday morning until at 4:30 there had come a sudden, grinding jar.

Hurled from his bed, Captain C. J. Holland leaped into his slippers and ran to the bridge and ordered engines reversed. Slowly the *Cuba* slid from the rocks that had grabbed her hull, until her screws chewed into other rocks and stopped. Like a wounded whale the *Cuba* rolled onto her side on the rocks of San Miguel.

Abandoning her cargo of $2,500,000 in silver bullion, coffee, mahogany and sugar, the *Cuba's* crew and passengers pushed off in lifeboats. In midchannel a Navy vessel, the *Reno*, picked up the *Cuba's* survivors. Immediately the air waves were filled with radio chatter about the disaster, air talk that would play an important part in the much bigger sea drama yet to come.

The California coastline makes a sweeping curve eastward from Point Arguello, paralleling the Santa Barbara Islands west of the channel of that name. Rugged, desolate, almost continually wrapped in fog, Arguello has long been known as a graveyard of ships.

The early explorer, Sir Francis Drake, sailing up the California coast, on a voyage of discovery, complained of a "most stynkinge fogge" clinging to the rocky promontory. In 1849 the steamer *Edith* grounded there, some said purposely at orders of excited gold seekers who wanted to get to shore in a hurry. And down through the years many other vessels crashed on the angry rocks of this ship trap.

Thus, the wreck of the *Cuba* bore special significance to newsmen in nearby Santa Barbara and in Los Angeles, 130 miles to the south. Papers in both cities rushed reporters and photographers to the scene.

Hundreds of citizens already were northbound by train for Point Arguello for another reason—to watch an eclipse of the sun due the following day.

The intensity of the drama that was building up probably was felt most strongly by a harried sailor at the Arlight Naval Wireless Station close by Point Arguello Light. Radioman Third Class G. C. Falls, unhappy at having pulled weekend duty, had his hands full with radio messages involving the *Cuba*.

At 2:30 p.m., physically exhausted and going on coffee nerves, Falls picked up a message from the *Delphy*, requesting a bearing. Their radioman ground out a cigarette, swung the loop antenna until the *Delphy's* signal faded into a null. That indicated to him the destroyer's position was on a line extending through the antenna loop at right angles to its plane.

Falls took a quick reading from the compass rose on the antenna knob, picked up the microphone and told the *Delphy*, "Your bearing from Arguello is one-six-seven-degrees magnetic, Sir."

On the *Delphy*, Blodgett cried in disgust, "One-six-seven? Man, this is a destroyer, not a covered wagon!"

Falls felt color rise. He was wrong, he knew. He'd given the reciprocal bearing. The radio direction finder, a new development, possessed a peculiar ambiguity in that a 180-degree error was easily possible.

"Sorry, make that three-four-seven, Sir . . . three-four-seven."

Blodgett smiled despite his anger. This proved to him that wireless was fine for broadcasting music, but worthless as a navigational aid.

Quickly, efficiently, Blodgett laid out the bearing line on his chart, 347 degrees magnetic. He frowned imperceptibly. The line passed eight miles off Point Sur when they should be only five and one half miles seaward of the point. The navigator stepped onto the bridge and peered nervously through the fog. The shore was invisible. A heavy sea was running, giant ground swells from out of the northwest. Shivering, he went below to the ward room and poured a cup of steaming black coffee and sat down beside the *Delphy's* skipper, Commander Hunter.

"Quite a sea running today," he said noncommittally, lighting a cigarette.

Hunter nodded. "You know, I've been wondering about that. Remember the big earthquake over in Japan eight days ago? Those seismic waves travel a long ways. This sea could be a sort of aftermath."

"I doubt that," Blodgett said. He didn't want to contradict his superior openly, yet he wanted it known he was not a man to accept old sailor's tales. Navigation was an inflexible science.

Watson, the squadron commander, joined Blodgett and Hunter. His face wore an expression of concern, but he did not speak until he had poured coffee and lighted up.

"I don't like this fog," he said abruptly. "It's like groping your way down a busy street with your eyes shut. Blodgett, are you certain of our position?"

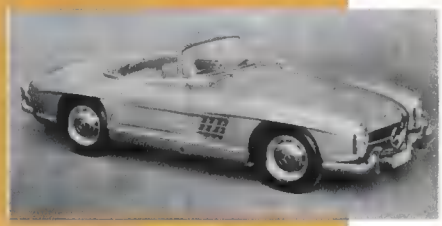
Blodgett stiffened. "Of course, Captain. We're between five and one half and eight miles off Point Sur, course one six zero. Speed twenty knots."

"Check your figures again, Lieutenant," Watson replied. "I want a more definite fix than that."

Blodgett rose silently and returned to his navigation table. He checked his watch. It was 2:30 in the afternoon. He made a tiny cross on the chart, wrote down 1430 and changed [*Continued on page* 70]

...This is page 47, and here's the good news

CAVALIER'S $50,000 DOUBLE JACKPOT CONTEST



...a nest egg,
a sports car,
a boat,
a house—

all these can be yours. Enter and win Cavalier's Double Jackpot Contest. Buy what you want from the $50,000 in cash prizes offered in Cavalier's big contest. In addition to the $50,000, each prize winner can be eligible for an additional $2,000 bonus prize! All you have to do is fill in a crossword puzzle like the one at the right. We've done most of the work for you, and we'll give you complete definitions. Get full details and do the first puzzle next month.

in the **FEBRUARY CAVALIER**—on sale December 29

HE PANS GOLD IN ALLEYS

Eddie Elias doesn't know how to keep a bowling score—but to date he's done more for bowling than anyone since the guy who invented the automatic pin-setter. Before he's through he'll make a lot of bowlers rich and Milton Berle richer

by Myron Gubitz

Pin promoter Eddie Elias—the man behind Jackpot Bowling and the pro alley artists

● The big guy was nervous. His swarthy face and black hair gleamed under the motel room light. He spoke rapidly to the men seated before him—25 of the nation's best bowlers. It was Friday night, April 18, 1958, in Mountainside, New Jersey. The bowlers had just given an exhibition at a nearby bowling center and they were tired. They were also skeptical of the brash young man who faced them.

"Listen," he was saying, "I don't know a damned thing about bowling. I've never bowled in my life. But I know a few other things. You men are among the best in the business, and there are others like you . . . the guys who win the top tournaments, work for the bowling equipment manufacturers, and so on.

"Bowling is becoming a big-time sport, right? But you professional bowlers aren't in a position to take advantage of it. You've got no organization. You've got no steady tournament circuit. You've got no one to represent you. There's very little to separate you from the guys who go out and bowl just for the fun of it. In other words, you really have no professional status. Is that right?"

One of the bowlers spoke up. "Sure, that's about the way it is. But what can you do about it?"

"Okay," Eddie Elias said, "I'll tell you what I can do . . . no, I mean what *we* can do. Look at what the PGA has done for golfers . . . national tournaments, recognition, everything that you men should have. I want to organize a PBA—a Professional Bowlers Association—to give the top bowlers the same sort of advantages as the PGA gives the golfers.

"I'm not going to snow you with a lot of crazy promises. But I'll just say this: Come in with me, let me handle the organization, and in five years I'll have for you a regular tournament circuit, a group insurance plan and a big television show that'll really do you some good. And the organization will give you the professional prestige you ought to have."

The bowlers looked at one another knowingly. It had been tried before, many times, but it had never worked. Too many people, too many angles, conflicting interests and ideas.

From the back of the room, a quiet voice asked: "What's in it for you, Eddie?"

Elias smiled. "That's easy," he replied. "Money. I'm not kidding. I'm not doing this out of the

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HE PANS GOLD IN ALLEYS

Continued from page 48

goodness of my heart, or because I love the game so much. I honestly think this thing has a great chance of going someplace, and I want to go with it. It's as simple as that."

The proposals made by Eddie Elias that night were met with a good deal of skepticism. A few men decided to cooperate, but nobody really thought much would come of it.

The bowlers didn't realize, at first, the clever inventiveness and driving ambition of the young man who had addressed them. Eddie Elias was born in Barberton, Ohio, in 1928. His parents are Lebanese, and Eddie's dark complexion, deep-set eyes and "exotic" appearance attest to his Arabic background—as well as making him very attractive to women (he's still a bachelor). He is a big man—six feet two, weighing 200 pounds—and his nervously energetic personality makes itself felt in his rapid, staccato speech.

In his high school days in Akron, Eddie was an all-city athlete. Later he played varsity baseball and basketball for the University of Akron.

After graduation from the University of Akron, Eddie went after his law degree at Western Reserve University. It was during his years at Western Reserve that opportunist Eddie launched himself on a career. He won an audition to become the host on a local sports-interview TV show, "The Trophy Room." Within a few months he added a radio show to his schedule and, by the time he was a senior in law school, was doing very well.

After graduation he formed Eddie Elias Enterprises and within a couple of years had as many as 20 weekly TV and radio shows in the Youngstown-Cleveland-Akron area. He also hired himself out as a promotion consultant to large industrial concerns. Always talking, always thinking, he was a gold mine of novel promotion schemes. His quick, glib speech, while rubbing some people the wrong way, helped him to sell his ideas, and his affable personality and uncanny memory for names made him socially popular.

It was during one of his TV shows that Eddie got the idea he felt sure could put him in the national "big picture." Eddie had as guests on his "Eddie Elias Sports Show" on WAKR-TV in late 1957 Don Carter, Steve Nagy and a few other top-ranking bowlers. In the course of the interview, he asked some questions about the status of the professional bowlers.

To his surprise, Eddie couldn't get any good answers to his questions. Although bowling was becoming tremendously popular, there was no real difference between the serious professional and the amateur; and there was no voice to speak for the newly-emerging class of pro bowlers, to protect their interests and promote their activities.

For some time Eddie had been the personal lawyer of Tommy Bolt, temperamental golfer. From his work with Bolt, Eddie had learned a lot about the workings of the Professional Golfers Association and all it had done for golfing as a sport.

Early in April 1958, he put through a call to the great bowler, Don Carter, and asked him to round up some of the top bowlers for a meeting. Carter agreed, and the result was the conclave in the motel in Mountainside, New Jersey, on April 18.

On May 8, Eddie met with six top bowlers, in a beer cellar behind a bowling establishment in Cleveland, and presented his first draft of a professional bowlers' association constitution. Those in attendance were: Steve Nagy, Billy Welu, Buzz Fazio, Harry Smith, Woody Halsey, Carl Richard and John Klares. These men spread the word, and at the next meeting, on May 18 in Syracuse, New York, 75 bowlers attended. The Professional Bowlers Association was officially formed on that day with Don Carter as president; George Young (recently deceased), first vice president; Steve Nagy, second vice president; Billy Welu, executive secretary, and Eddie Elias as executive director, treasurer and legal counsel.

When Eddie left Syracuse that night, he took with him $1,750 that 33 bowlers had contributed as initial dues payments. It wasn't much, but it was a beginning for the organization.

The biggest obstacle, Eddie quickly found, was a personal one—although he had quickly won the confidence of the bowlers themselves, he was still regarded as an "outsider" by the bowling proprietors (and their organization, the BPAA), and by the two big manufacturers of bowling equipment, American Machine & Foundry and Brunswick-Balke-Collender.

To counter this he won recognition swiftly from the ABC (American Bowling Congress), the ruling body of the bowling world, and this helped him by-pass the other hurdles.

By the end of 1958, Eddie had signed 100 top pro bowlers to the PBA. He had also successfully instituted the group life insurance program that he had promised and had set up a three-tournament circuit for 1959, in which only PBA members would participate.

The PBA was off to a flying start. But there was still one promise to be fulfilled—the procurement of a live TV show for PBA members.

Toward the end of 1958, Frank Esposito, a popular bowling proprietor and one of the directors of the PBA, came to Eddie with a proposal. The Bayuk Cigar Company (maker of Phillies cigars), had thought up a unique type of bowling show—a show in which the contestants rolled for strikes only, instead of bowling a regular game. NBC-TV was interested in producing the show, and had come to Esposito as a director of the PBA to find out whether the new organization would be interested in participating.

Immediately, Eddie realized that here was exactly what he'd been hoping for. If the liaison between this show and the PBA could be made, it would accomplish many things: the PBA members would be assured of well-paid TV appearances and the PBA's name would become linked with the best in professional bowling.

At a subsequent PBA executive board meeting, Frank Esposito told the members about "Jackpot Bowling." But the men didn't go for it right away. "Shooting for strikes only?" they asked. "Hell, that's not real bowling. It'll never be any good."

But in the end Eddie won their approval.

The plan was that Phillies would sponsor the program, NBC would handle all production matters, and the PBA would provide the contestants exclusively from among its membership.

It meant new work for Eddie and the PBA. He had to select the bowlers from among the PBA ranks; he had to make sure their schedules worked out so they could appear as planned, and he had to help decide on the amounts of money to be offered as prizes on the show.

On January 9, 1959, "Jackpot Bowling" was launched. Almost immediately, it took the TV world by storm. Within a few months, the show's ratings had skyrocketed and it was drawing bigger audiences than nearly any other sports show on the air.

Even more important, it was providing steady employment for PBA members, giving them a chance at big money and national recognition. The show was set up like this: Two bowlers competed. Each was allowed to roll nine balls, trying for strikes only. The one who rolled the most strikes out of nine tries received $1,000 and the loser got a "consolation" prize of $250. If a bowler succeeded in tossing six consecutive strikes, he won the jackpot, which began at $5,000 and went up another $1,000 each week that no one won it.

The top-notch PBA bowlers who hit the jackpot . . . Don Carter, Billy Welu, Andy Varipapa and others . . . walked away with from $6,000 to $10,000 for an evening's work. Harry Smith was very lucky; he came along when the pot was full and hauled in $22,500 in one night. Then, in February of 1960, bowling history was made when Frank Clause, a former Pennsylvania school teacher who had turned pro bowler, won $26,000 on a single night. It was the biggest single cash prize ever won in a bowling contest. And it made sports headlines clear across the country.

These big winnings put some money into the PBA coffers, too. The jackpot winners, appreciative of the job that Eddie Elias and the PBA had done on their behalf, voluntarily contributed 15 to 20 per cent of their take. In the case of Clause, this came to about $5,500.

If anything was needed to put the final stamp of approval on the PBA, and on Eddie Elias as its guiding genius, the tremendous success of "Jackpot Bowling" did it.

Today, the PBA boasts nearly 500 members, including virtually every top professional in the business. This year, Eddie Elias will sign up about 200 additional bowlers.

From the initial $1,750 with which he began PBA operations, Eddie has managed to build the association's kitty up to a figure well in excess of $100,000. He is administering the group's insurance program and is planning a pension scheme for the benefit of old-time bowlers. Perhaps the most pointed mark of his success is the fact that he is expecting to move the PBA's national headquarters into a bright, new, modern building in the near future.

In two years, Eddie has more than fulfilled the promises he originally made to the professional bowlers, although he himself expected to take at least five years to do it. In this short time, he and the PBA have earned the respect and admiration of the entire bowling world, given the professional bowlers a new and greater standing in the sports field and contributed greatly to their financial security.

As for Eddie himself, he is naturally pleased with the way things are going. During his first two years as executive director of the PBA, he had to put his money where his mouth was. It cost him, in personal expenses and business losses, about $15,000. But now he is drawing a substantial retainer, has hired a staff of helpers to handle most of his non-PBA enterprises, and is firmly entrenched as "King of the Bowlers" even though he rarely gets out on the alleys himself and, to this day, doesn't know how to score the game properly.

The future looks remarkably bright, both for bowling as a major sport and for the PBA as spokesman for the leading figures in the game.

For example, the "Jackpot Bowling" show has been given a new half-hour slot on NBC-TV. It began this season on September 19, appearing in a changed form. The jackpot is now much bigger, *beginning* at $25,000 and going up $5,000 each week that no one rolls the elusive six consecutive strikes. It may reach as high as $80,000 to $90,000. Milton Berle has been signed on as the program's host, giving the show a much wider audience-appeal and providing some comic-relief between games.

Eddie is also working out arrangements between the PBA and the National Bowling League, a massive project by a group of big businessmen who want to put bowling on an inter-city competitive team basis, just like other major sports. Eddie hopes that the PBA will play a key role in this project.

In addition, he's doing a remarkable job in expanding the PBA tournament circuit. Eleven association-sponsored tournaments are on the boards for 1961 and Eddie is sifting literally dozens of bids for the year after.

Naturally, Eddie Elias hasn't been able to accomplish all of this himself. But his ideas, his drive and growing influence have made most of it possible. As one bowler put it recently:

"Eddie Elias is the best thing that's happened to bowling since the invention of the automatic pinspotter." •

A Funny One for the Road

Figures may not lie, but girdles keep a lot of them from telling the truth.

C.G., Columbus, Ohio

"This means a good deal to me," said the poker player as he stacked the deck.

F.M., Cleveland, Ohio

The girl glanced haughtily at the young man who had just asked her to dance. "I'm sorry," she said. "I never dance with a child."

The young man bowed. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

A.V., Kittanning, Pa.

Two fleas were on Robinson Crusoe. Said one, "I've got to go now, but I'll see you on Friday."

L.L., New York City

The basic plot of Soviet literature is boy meets tractor and girl meets quota.

L.H.H., Roanoke, Va.

Beatnik's definition of a flat-chested woman: Like man!

W.D.H., Brantford, Ontario

Parents are people who bear infants, bore teenagers and board newlyweds.

F.M., Cleveland, Ohio

The wife of a wealthy Texan was monopolizing a dinner party with tales of her luxurious furs, her jewels, her cars, and her fabulous new home. Finally a yawning guest asked her how many bathrooms the new palace had.

Loftily she replied, "We can seat seven."

B.M.S., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Two women were gossiping. Said one, "What I say is—give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself!"

"Oh, I don't agree," said the other. "I gave my husband enough rope and he skipped."

W.B., Chicago, Ill.

We hear that a lot of enterprising young engineers are spending much of their valuable time tinkering with misses in their motors.

E.L.H., Jr., Nashville, Tenn.

Two women, former neighbors, met on the street after a separation of several years.

"Really," said one, "I would hardly have known you. You look so much older."

"I wouldn't have recognized you, either," replied the other, "except for your hat and your dress."

R.S., Howard, R.I.

From the New York *Mirror*, January 26, 1960: "Under a new law, it is no longer illegal to shoot quail in the state of Vermont. However, the birds are still extinct in that state."

C.L.M., Ithaca, N.Y.

A psychologist is a man who watches everyone else when a beautiful girl enters the room.

D.R., Fleet P.O., N.Y.

Overheard at a bar: "My wife can talk her way out of anything except a phone booth."

H.H., Washington, D.C.

The wolf-type insurance man let his hand fall for the fourth time on the young widow's shoulder as he tried to talk her into buying a policy from him. She moved away, and repeated that she couldn't afford it. He kept on trying to persuade her, and as his hand once more slid down her arm, she suddenly smiled at him. "If you'll make out the policy and a receipt for a year's premiums," she said, "I'll put your hand on something much softer than . . . my arm."

Eagerly he drew up the papers and signed them. She looked them over, smiled at him radiantly, lifted his hot hand from her shoulder and placed it —on his head.

A.C., Toronto, Canada

"Hello, I'm your new neighbor. Do you folks have a bottle opener?"

"Yeah, but he ain't home from work yet."

F.M., Cleveland, Ohio

The thing that gets a lot of girls into trouble is staying up until the *"oui"* hours of the morning.

D.B., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

$20 will be paid for any joke accepted for publication. ALL CONTRIBUTIONS MUST BE EITHER TYPEWRITTEN OR CLEARLY PRINTED IN INK. OTHERWISE, THEY WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned: Do not enclose postage. If your submission is not accepted within three weeks, consider it rejected. Address: Humor Editor, CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

THE DOG FIGHT THAT MAY NEVER END

Continued from page 39

that's all there was to it. Another incoming shell warned them it was time to leave. As Graham turned away "for home," it abruptly occurred to him that he and his non-commissioned aide had been the only people, so far, to have inspected the all-red machine and its lifeless occupant. As far as he could see around him, not a single Australian soldier (and he knew the area to be well-populated with such defenders) had as much as stirred from cover, to take a look, too.

Back in Vaux, Graham reported to the RAF adjutant that his latest dead Hun discovery had been killed by a bullet that had "entered through the back in the region of the second dorsal vertebra and had gone out the left side, first passing through a lung."

"Good," said the adjutant. "Who was he? . . . or could you tell?"

Graham handed over the identification. The adjutant took one look at it and then "the lid fairly blew off the place." Somebody got on the phone, and through to the rear. There was plenty of jabbering, but from then on things moved unruffledly. Another RAF officer soon popped in, exclaiming: "Where's the doctor?" He turned to Graham. "You the bloke?" and when Graham nodded, he said, "Jakealoo! . . . but I'm afraid we have to go back there again . . . you'd better leave, Captain!"

On the return trip to the Richthofen machine, Graham and his augmented patrol found the scene unchanged, except (and he won't swear to this) for a small scattering of Australians, lounging nearby. He took another long, exploratory look at the dead man, from head to toe. No! No additional wound that he could detect. Even if German gunnery allowed them freedom to do it, there obviously was no need (he decided there and then) to take Richthofen's clothes off.

The RAF personnel looked over the German machine from various angles. They talked mostly in technical terms which made little sense to their Canadian M.O. Only once did he overhear any comment which appeared to him to have the slightest bearing on what had happened—and how. It was: "Somebody got on the old blighter's tail after all . . . eh?"

For the rest of the day it was, for Graham, merely a matter of sitting tight, saying little, and letting formality or "red tape" take its course. From what he overheard, he figured that some sort of an argument had already developed, involving Australians and some Canadian fighter pilot by the name of Brown, but none saw fit, seemingly, to recognize his presence or his advice any longer. After dinner, however, he was called in to repeat the "finding" he'd given at noon. Having had, by now, several undistracted hours (no shelling) in which to think the situation over, he and Lieut. Downs, R.A.M.C. got together and produced for British records the considerably-extended report that follows—

"We examined the body of Captain Baron von Richthofen on the evening of the 21st. instant. We found that he had one entrance and one exit wound caused by the same bullet.

"The entrance wound was situated on the right side of the chest in the posterior fold of the armpit; the exit wound was situated at a slightly higher level nearer the front of the chest, the point of exit being about half an inch below the right nipple and about three quarters of an inch external to it. From the nature of the exit wound, we think that the bullet passed straight through the chest from right to left, and also slightly forward. Had the bullet been deflected from the spine the exit would have been much larger.

"The gun firing this bullet must have been situated in roughly the same plane as the long axis of the German machine, and fired from the right and slightly behind the right of Captain Richthofen.

"We are agreed that the situation of the entrance and exit wounds are such that they could not have been caused by fire from the ground."

The document was dated "In the Field. "22.4.18."

Graham signed it,
"G. C. Graham,
"Capt. R.A.M.C.
"M.O.i/c 22nd. Wing, R.A.F."

Downs signed it, "G. E. Downs,
"Lieut. R.A.M.C."

Today, Graham cannot explain this joint-signatures business any more than he can explain the date of April 22, 1918 over which the signatures appear. He doesn't remember Downs, what he looked like, or where he came from, or if, as possible, he went up with him (Graham) on the second noon visit to the all-Red plane. No, the Canadian doctor stoutly maintains he only saw Richthofen's body twice—both times by daytime, and that while he was "on the spot," so to speak, no postmortem nor autopsy, in the full sense of either word, was, to the best of his knowledge, ever undertaken or authorized.

"First thing, next morning," as he will tell you, "the medical officer for whom I'd been subbing returned from hospital."

In 24 hours Graham was back on the Arras front, to find the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance around Wailly and that "old swimming hole." He made no report of any kind on his six-day southern sojourn. He never mentioned the Richthofen business. And why should he have done so? Nobody in his unit had any more reason to be familiar with the German ace's moniker than he had been. No daily "comic-cut" (communique) that he had ever read had publicized the fellow. No London or Paris paper, filtered through to the fighting zone, that he had ever seen, carried any reference to him. The 5th Field had been back of the Vimy front most of 1917, and had witnessed, close up, many of the tremendous air battles with which the Lens-Vimy-Douai skies were reddened that frightful year for the allied command. Men still talked occasionally of the rainbow-colored machines the Germans had used in that sanguinary fighting, but if any of them had seen an ALL RED plane among them, and had instantly called it "Richthofen's," Graham didn't know them. Perhaps, he reckoned, it would be wise to say nothing. Better, at least, than getting laughed at. Since the official war history of the 5th Field Ambulance—"Stretcher Bearers—At The Double!"—makes no allusion to Graham's brief connection with the Richthofen business, it's obvious that he kept his mouth shut.

Graham went through the balance with his "home folks," save for one or two extra-curricular assignments as acting M.O. to the 24th and 26th Canadian infantry battalions. After the Armistice, he marched to the Rhineland, for army-of-occupation duty in front of Bonn. By late March of 1919 he was back in Canada, and re-engaged in private practice—in the same cosy Fenelon Falls where, as a gangling University of Toronto graduate, he had begun it. The war (he found) was still too close to talk about. Then, as time sped on, it seemed rather too remote to attempt to revive—even in his more expansive and nostalgic moments. His growing sons often prodded him for information about what he did in the war—and where, but for all this inquisitiveness, born of admiration, he kept pretty mum on the Richthofen matter. Whenever he tended to debate that issue, his boys invariably chided him with "telling the same old story. . . . You never change it a bit, Dad!"

It actually was not until early 1939 (more than 20 years after) that the now-almost-forgotten wartime drama opened again on the Graham doorstep. It took the form of a letter written by C. E. W. Bean, Australian official war historian, from Victoria Barracks, Paddington, New South Wales, under date of December 20, 1938. It came to the Canadian doctor like "some bolt from the blue." It read—

"In dealing with the circumstances surrounding the death of Captain Manfred von Richthofen, the famous German airman who was brought down near Vaux-sur-Somme on April 21st, 1918, I find that his body was examined by four medical officers, including a Captain G. C. Graham. I am wondering whether the Captain Graham referred to happens to

be yourself, in which case I should be grateful if you would kindly complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to me at your convenience."

Graham completed that questionnaire very carefully, taking his time over it, and answering every question Bean asked as precisely as he could. He mailed it back to Australia and never heard anything more about it. Recently, the writer interviewed him about this and other angles of the Richthofen incident—the first time, barring Bean's letter, that anyone (as Graham puts it) "ever approached me for my side of the affair."

"Have you a copy of that reply to Dr. Bean?" he was asked.

"No," Graham answered. "I never made one. I guess in 1939 I wasn't interested enough in the matter to bother about keeping a copy. However, if it's of any use to you, I can show you Bean's original letter to me."

"Have you ever read the first war history of the Australian troops which Bean wrote for the Commonwealth of Australia?"

"No, I have not. I suspected, from his letter, he had one well under way, but I never knew he finished it, or anything about its contents."

"So, all along and up to now, you have been quite unaware that in his history Bean tends (on the basis of the extensive research he did for it) to support the theory that Richthofen was NOT killed from the air, but, instead, by Australian machine gun fire from the ground?"

"That's correct. I never knew of Bean's opinion until you mentioned it, right this instant. I shall not quarrel with that theory. But I have MY opinion, and I told Bean in my reply to him, as I tell you here in my home, today, that if Richthofen was killed by machine gun fire from the ground he must have been flying upside down at the time and heading back to his own line. I may be in error, but I'm almost positive that I wrote that as a kind of 'postscript' across one corner of the questionnaire I sent back. Maybe, that never reached him. If it did . . . well, he apparently never used it."

"I understand, Doctor, that since I first contacted you, you have—on my suggestion—read the story which appeared in the December 1959 issue of CAVALIER . . . 'I Killed Richthofen!' "

"I have."

"Have you any comment to make, then, on the seeming disparity between the published statement of its narrator—one Buie, an Australian—that *he* shot down the German ace, and the apparent tendency of Bean, the Australian official historian, to credit a certain Sergeant Popkin, another Australian machine-gunner with that exploit?"

"Now look here, Mr. Reporter! I do not intend to challenge the claims of others. I have never taken any side in this controversy, and I don't propose to do so now; it's a useless controversy which I think should have been properly buried years ago. Let me say, however, that I'd never heard of this 'Buie' until I examined the CAVALIER article. Nor have I ever heard of any 'Sergeant Popkin' until now. And never while he was alive did I ever meet or have other contact with Captain Roy Brown. As for Richthofen? Well, as I've already told you, I only saw him twice, for less than half an hour altogether, and he, then, was in no state to care if I talked to him or not.

"In fact, from mid-afternoon until midnight of that long-ago day on the Somme, I practically knew nothing of what transpired in the Richthofen situation. I can't remember every being in Poulainville, where, as I now understand it, there was an Australian air force squadron, and to which Richthofen's body was removed that night. I have never seen Bertangles, from which Brown (I believe) flew his flight of Camels that morning, and where Richthofen was later buried. If it hadn't been for the Gibbons book, "The Red Knight of Germany," which I first read but a few years back, I confess I might never have known of the existence of the two French towns I mentioned, or that the German flyer was buried with great respect and ceremonial. What's more, I might never have known how Australian souvenir-hunters tore the all-Red plane to pieces after I left it.

"What I'm telling you today—and I want to make this perfectly clear—is ONLY WHAT I REMEMBER. Perhaps I haven't told you anything new or startling, but it's at least my OWN recollection of what happened. No other person's. Occasionally, some friend suggests I go on Toronto TV with my story. That's ridiculous on the face of it. I've never sought the limelight, and never will. Another has proposed that I visit the Canadian Military Institute to inspect the bucket seat of the machine in which Richthofen died, and which is proudly displayed there. I'm told they present the claim that Roy Brown shot him down . . . but that's not for me to even suggest, let alone try to substantiate. Then, I hear of the many *new* books which have been published this last little while, dealing in one way or another with Richthofen's career. A few well-intentioned acquaintances feel I should read these, too. But why? Nothing they could offer would make me change my story. I stick by that."—**Doug Oliver**

Mr. D. A. Russell is the managing director of Harleyford Publications Ltd. in Letchworth, Hertforshire, England. When he read the story by Gunner Buie in the December 1959 issue of CAVALIER, *he contacted us and we discussed further investigation into the subject. While conducting this investigation, Mr. Russell came across the information he presents here*—The Editors

by D. A. Russell

In several accounts of von Richthofen's death, it is claimed that he was shot in the head and/or in the leg. On page 15 of the December 1959 issue of CAVALIER, in which was written up the claim of Robert Buie that it was *he* who fired the fatal shot, there appears a photograph of the fur-lined boot taken from Richthofen's right foot. Buie claims that there is a bullet hole in the top of this boot. *This claim is incorrect.* The boot is now on exhibition in the museum at the Australian War Memorial at Canberra, and there is no bullet hole in it.

The facts as to whether von Richthofen was hit by more than one bullet are set out in the reports of the doctors who carried out the official post-mortem ordered to be made, when it was known that the body was that of Germany's top scoring fighter pilot.

Col. T. Sinclair, C.B., R.A.M.S., consulting surgeon of the Fourth Army, probed the wound on the afternoon of April 22, 1917, and reported that—"the bullet appears to have passed obliquely backwards through the chest, striking the spinal cord from which it glanced in a forward direction and issued on the left side of the chest about two inches higher."

Assisting Col. Sinclair were representatives of the Royal Air Force in the persons of Capt. G. C. Graham and Lt. G. E. Downs, both of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Col. G. W. Barber, D.D.M.S., (deputy director Medical Supplies) of the Australian Corps also examined the body. Graham and Downs in a joint report differed from Col. Sinclair in that they "ventured an opinion," that "the bullet must have come from a gun on roughly the same level as the German aircraft, and, thus, could not have been fired from the ground."

On the other hand Col. Barber, following his examination of the body, reported that—"it (the wound) was just such as would have been inflicted by a shot from the ground whilst the machine was banking."

All four medical officers agreed that death was caused by the single bullet wound in the chest. In their efforts to determine whether von Richthofen had been shot from the air or from the ground, their differences related only to the circumstances under which this bullet entered and passed out of von Richthofen's body.

As the bullet passed out of von Richthofen's body and was never found, the first point revealed by the doctor's inquiry is—*that no one can prove, or ever will be able to prove, who did in fact fire the fatal bullet which killed von Richthofen.*

There is no cause to doubt the sincerity of the claim made on behalf of Capt. Brown any more than the claim made by Gunner Robert Buie of the 53rd Battalion, Australian Field Artillery. However, the argument is now widened by the claim made by Registered No. 178101, Battery Quartermaster Sgt. Alfred George Franklyn, who was in charge of an anti-aircraft battery of the British Royal Garrison Artillery located only a few hundred yards away from Buie himself!

Sgt. Franklyn is now 66 years old, and is currently employed by the General Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. of London, as officer-in-charge of assisting passengers when embarking and disembarking on daily steamship sight-seeing tours at Southend-on-Sea, Essex, on the Thames.

A few months ago I learned of Frank-

lyn's claim and I went to Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, where Mr. Franklyn lives and asked him to tell me all about his claim.

This six-foot-two British ex-police sergeant told in his own words how he shot down von Richthofen while in charge of an anti-aircraft battery about 1,000 yards east of Bonnay, a few miles east of Amieus on the road from Corbie to Bray.

However, before dealing with Sgt. Franklyn's claim, I think we should examine fully the claim on behalf of Capt. A. Roy Brown that *he,* in his Sopwith Camel, shot down Richthofen from the air.

Some three years ago, in view of the widespread interest in von Richthofen, I commissioned two leading experts on the German WW I Air Force to write a book entitled—*Von Richthofen and the Flying Circus.* One of these authors was Maj. (now Lt.-Col.) Kimbrough S. Brown, USAF, who for over 20 years had made a study of the careers of German fighter pilots and had compiled a complete life story of Manfried von Richthofen. The other author was German-born Heinz J. Nowarra, now generally acknowledged as the leading German authority on WW I aircraft of Germany and her allies.

The story starts at 10:25 a.m. on the morning of April 21, 1918, when the last three flights of 209 Squadron took off on a routine high patrol at 12,000 feet between Hangard and Albert. A fight developed with some C-type Albatros aircraft over Le Quesnel.

On this flight was a "new boy," 2nd Lt. W. R. May, who had been an old school chum of Capt. Brown, in Edmonton, Alberta. This was the first time May had been allowed to take part in any offensive patrol, and he had been instructed by Capt. Brown to keep clear of any fight. He was to stay on the "side lines," watch, and learn. When the enemy was sighted and Brown and three other pilots, Lt. Lomas, Mellersh and MacKenzie dived into the attack, May had not sighted the enemy machine and he remained, as instructed, on the fringe of the fight. He allowed one enemy machine fly beneath him unmolested, but, when a *second* one appeared he broke rules, dived into the fight and was credited with shooting down one enemy aircraft!

At this time Capt. Brown had been engaged in a fight with two triplanes which he successfully shook off and then flew towards the main battle. Suddenly, he saw May diving towards the ground—with a red triplane on his tail! Brown, in his anxiety to protect his friend, followed at full speed. And now I quote direct from the book, *Von Richthofen and the Flying Circus. . . .*

"Brown's dive brought him almost directly over von Richthofen, who apparently did not see him. Brown was in a favorable position to give a burst, but not for sustained fire. It would seem that he fired as he dived west from the direction of Sailly-le-Sec, but that in flattening out afterwards, he lost sight of the two machines, which were now down to a low altitude. In those fleeting seconds he saw von Richthofen turn round the moment he fired, but whether or not it was the involuntary start of a shot man or one of his continuous backward glances, it is difficult to assess. However, by Brown's account, he had then seemed to slump in his cockpit. When Brown later had confirmation that this machine crashed, there was no doubt in his mind that he had shot it down, and from the wording of his combat report and the indisputable evidence of a crashed triplane, he was rightly credited with the victory.

" 'Rightly credited' does not necessarily mean that he did indeed shoot the machine down, but that the conditions under which a victory could be credited were fulfilled; a claim, a witness and evidence of the wreckage. The chance shot from the ground, always a possibility, was not considered in view of the combat report."

On page 14 of the December 1959 issue of CAVALIER there was reproduced a copy of Brown's report on this engagement in part of which he said: "Went back again and dived on pure red triplane which was firing on Lieutenant May. I got a long burst into him and he went down vertical and was observed to crash by Lieutenant Mellersh and May."

Very great efforts were made by all those engaged in producing the Richthofen book to produce a map showing the course followed by Lt. May, Capt. Brown and von Richthofen when they left the main fight just south of Sailly-le-Sec, and it appears in the book.

May's own description of what happened reads, in part:

"After I had levelled out, I looked around, but nobody was following. Feeling pretty good at having extricated myself, the next thing I knew I was being fired at from behind! All I could do was to try to dodge my attacker which was a red triplane!"

North of the point where the River Somme takes a sharp turn from northwest to southwest, May, who was gradually losing height in an attempt to gain speed and shake off his pursuer, turned sharply north and got away.

At this point, a Sgt. S. P. Popkin and a Gunner R. F. Weston of the 24th Machine Gun Corps were manning a Vicker's gun mounted for anti-aircraft use. As von Richthofen's plane passed overhead they fired a burst and both claimed that they saw pieces of the aircraft fly off near the engine. But no categorical claim was ever made by either Popkin or Weston that *they* shot down Richthofen.

Sgt. G. Sowerbutts of the 44th Battalion, positioned a little further along, reported that he saw Sgt. Popkin firing his gun. But, that although von Richthofen swerved, he soon straightened out again and continued pursuing May.

I quote again from the Richthofen book:

"Reaching the Bray-Corbie road, von Richthofen then came under fire from two Lewis guns of the 53rd Battery, Australian Field Artillery, mounted on posts for anti-aircraft work and fitted with A.A. ring sights. They were located on some rising ground, several hundred yards in front of the crest of the peninsula between the waters of the Somme and the Ancre. The C.O. of the battery, Major L. E. Beavis, had warning of the approach of the aircraft by telephone from a forward observation post. Looking out almost immediately, he spotted the two machines, flying at, he estimated, 150 feet. The Camel was observed to be zigzagging and the red triplane was trying to keep on its tail. So far the Lewis guns could not be brought to bear for fear of hitting May. But, as May crossed their front, they opened fire. Immediately, reported Major Beavis, the red triplane turned sharply to the north, became somewhat unsteady in flight, turned again northeast and then hit the ground about 400 yards from his men at the Lewis posts, Gunners W. J. Evans and R. Buie under Bombardier J. S. Seccull, the N.C.O. in charge. Finally, Major

CAVALIER

"In short, Magda, CBS says to eliminate all deceptive practices—immediately. I repeat: ALL deceptive practices."

Beavis observed that there was not another Camel within 2,000 yards."

There is no dispute as to the exact location where von Richthofen crashed, and there is no dispute about the point at which May, followed by Richthofen (who in turn was closely followed by Brown), left the airbattle just south of Sailly-le-Sec.

Now here comes the most critical and most important point as to whether Brown was the one who shot down von Richthofen. The distance flown by von Richthofen before he crashed, *after* Brown ceased to be on his tail, has been very carefully plotted and shown to be not less than *two miles*. As recorded in the Richthofen book, the authors in plotting von Richthofen's course were able to draw on individual official reports of no less than 10 witnesses.

It is known that the maximum speed of both the Camel and Fokker triplane was approximately 115 miles per hour. There was a brisk wind blowing from the east which might have increased somewhat the speeds of May's and Richthofen's aircraft, but it can be authoritatively stated that the *maximum ground* speeds at which these machines would be flying (bearing in mind that May was twisting and turning in evasive action to avoid von Richthofen) would not exceed 120 miles per hour.

Relating this maximum possible speed to the known minimum distance flown by Richthofen from the time Brown disengaged until von Richthofen crashed, it is easy to calculate that the time that would have elapsed would not be *less than 60 seconds*.

Reverting to the report of the medical officers who conducted the post mortem on von Richthofen, it is clear that the wound was not only fatal, but was one that would have led to the loss of a large amount of blood (probably amounting to a hemorrhage) with of course, consequent blacking out of all senses *within a few seconds*.

We now face a straightforward question: Was it possible for von Richthofen to have remained not only fully conscious but also in full control of his machine for as long as 60 seconds, which would be the *minimum* time to elapse from the time Brown disengaged until von Richthofen crashed?

If indeed Brown did shoot von Richthofen, he might well have shot him on leaving the battle area, that is to the south of Sailly-le-Sec. If that was so, it would mean that von Richthofen would have flown more like two and three-quarter miles in the minimum time of one minute and 22 seconds before he crashed.

Medical advice I have obtained from various quarters indicates unanimously that it would be extremely unlikely that von Richthofen, struck as he was with a bullet which passed through his body and hit the spinal cord, could have remained conscious for more than a few seconds.

One pertinent and telling point, which seems to have been ignored in every account of the death of von Richthofen so far published, concerns Brown's attack on him during the early part of the pursuit of May. Brown clearly states that he fired into the red triplane which was diving after May. At the moment of firing he saw von Richthofen give a backward glance either of surprise at the firing or to ascertain whether he was in danger from a stern attack. In looking round, von Richthofen, strapped in the narrow confines of the triplane cockpit, could not possibly have turned so that he *faced* Brown. Since the medical reports agree that the bullet which killed him entered from the front right side, how then could one of Brown's shots have done this when von Richthofen's chest *was never exposed to Brown*?

In my view, therefore, it is proved "beyond all reasonable doubt," both by careful calculation and authentic medical opinion, that *had* Capt. Brown fired the fatal shot, von Richthofen would have been unconscious and crashed within a few seconds of being hit. It follows, therefore, *that since von Richthofen flew on for at least a whole minute* after Brown ceased to follow him that Brown could not possibly have fired the fatal shot.

It is on record that when interviewed in later years, Capt. Brown *never did claim categorically* that it was he who shot down and killed von Richthofen.

We are, thus, left to consider the relative merits of the claims of Buie and Franklyn.

On pages 16 and 48 of the December issue of CAVALIER, Buie gives a very clear, and to my mind, a very honest and fair description of how he claims to have shot down von Richthofen's triplane. But, in addition to him and indeed also Sgt. Franklyn, it is an undisputed fact that a *number of the men* were firing post-mounted Lewis guns set up for anti-aircraft fire. Each one of these men who was firing at von Richthofen, could claim that it was he who fired the fatal shot. But, no individual man could prove that it was he who did it.

In Buie's article a good deal has been made of the message sent by Gen. Rawlinson, commander-in-chief of the Australian Expedition Force. This message was printed at top right of page 15 of the CAVALIER article, and it is important, to my mind, to study carefully the wording of it. It reads:

"Please convey to the 53rd Battn., 5th Div., my best thanks and congratulations on having brought down the celebrated German Aviator, von Richthofen."

Alongside this message is one reproduced from headquarters of the Fifth Australian Anti-aircraft Division which is addressed to Gunner R. Buie and reads as follows: "The attached is a copy of the Commander's telegram of thanks and congratulations received on the occasion of Captain Baron von Richthofen being shot down."

Gen. Rawlinson's message was to the 53rd Battalion, which consisted of a number of gunners, one of whom was a man Buie referred to as his buddy "(Snowey) Evans who was manning the other gun on my right." Buie further states that "Evans got first clearance and opened up on a range of slightly more than 30 yards."

How tenuous, therefore, is Buie's claim that it was *he* who shot Richthofen! Who can prove that it was not "Snowey" Evans?

Now let us consider the claim of Sgt. Franklyn. He, of course, is as adamant as Buie that it was he (Franklyn) who shot down von Richthofen. When I told him of Buie's claim, he laughed without rancor. Accepting that Buie made his claim in good faith, Franklyn denied there could be anything in it. Franklyn set down his claim in 1929—admittedly, some 11 years after the war—but it may be noted this was also some 31 years before Buie first made his claim.

Franklyn joined the Essex County Constabulary in 1913 and, except for his war service, remained in the police force until his retirement a few years ago. Here is his report of the incident:

"Baron von Richthofen was brought down by Lewis gun fire on Sunday, 21 April, 1918 at 11:03 a.m. about 1,000 yards east of Bonnay. The facts are that I was in charge of two anti-aircraft guns stationed on a sunken road 800 yards east of Bonnay, on the Corbie Road, when Richthofen's Circus, as we knew them, were patrolling the line flying at a height of 10,000 to 15,000 feet, and we were engaging them with our two 13/18 pound A.A. guns.

"Richthofen suddenly left his circus and dived towards us and at the same time two of our Sopwith Camels, which were returning, were on the left of our gun position and being chased by Richthofen.

"We could not fire at Richthofen with our A.A. guns owing to his stunting and low elevation. I immediately rushed to my Lewis machine gun which I had on a tripod and fired at him at very close range about 30 rounds, one round in every four being a tracer bullet, so that the course of the bullet could be observed. I then saw him crash to the ground about 200 yards away from my position.

"The two gun crews of my section all saw what happened and how he was brought down. There were also two Australian infantry sergeants standing beside me and one remarked "You have got him, digger," and I remarked "Yes, he is down all right." I could not leave myself, so I sent Corporal Bentham to the plane and he came back to me and said that the pilot was dead, and brought back a piece of his plane which I brought home.

"This was reported to my headquarters, F. Battery A.A. About an hour afterwards a large motor car came to our position from the aerodrome, with a high official of the R.A.F. with the pilot of one of the two Camels which were being chased by Richthofen. They asked me what had occurred, and I asked the pilot why he did not engage him, and he said that his machine gun had jammed. After that an R.A.F. tender came up and took the body of Baron von Richthofen away.

"I might add that at the time of Richthofen's death, my section was attached to the Australians."

Franklyn is supported in his claim by Bombardiers R. H. Barron and Burswash in the section he commanded. Here is Barron's report:

"On April 21, 1918, the 110th Section F Anti-Aircraft Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, was in action by the side of the Bray-Corbie Road. The section consisted of the two 13/18 pounder guns mounted on lorries. We were, at that time, attached to the Australian Division, who were holding a line in front of a ridge of high ground running parallel with the road and about a quarter of a mile away from the road.

"The ground between our position and the ridge was occupied by Australian field batteries.

"Just before mid-day, our attention was attracted by the rattle of machine guns, and there suddenly appeared two Sopwith Camels flying in from the German lines at full speed, and so low that they only just cleared the top of the ridge.

"Immediately behind them, and sitting on their tails was the red plane which events subsequently proved was flown by Baron von Richthofen. He was putting bursts of machine-gun fire into both the Camels without, however, doing any apparent damage.

"We promptly came into action and with the object of saving the British planes, put up a barrage of shrapnel between them and the Fokker, and at the same time fire was opened on the baron by our own Lewis gun (manned by Sgt. Franklyn) attached to the Australian field batteries. After a short while, the baron, apparently then realizing for the first time the dangerous position he had run into, executed an Immelmann turn but suddenly went down at a steep angle over the ridge."

While still acknowledging that "theoretically" it was impossible for Buie to have shot down von Richthofen, it is, I think, pertinent to remark here that Franklyn had passed a course of instruction in an active service army school on anti-aircraft gunnery; and, further, that he had qualified as a range finder, and aircraft spotter.

However, we have still to decide whether Buie or Franklyn (provided, of course, that it is accepted it was one of these two men who fired the fatal shot) did, in fact, do so?

In my opinion, it is possible to determine "beyond all reasonable doubt" that, if indeed von Richthofen was shot down by one or other of these men, *then it was by Sgt. Franklyn!*

This firm opinion of mine depends entirely on the *fact* that Franklyn was placed in such a position that while *he* could have shot down von Richthofen, *neither Buie (nor "Snowey". Evans) were ever in the position to have done so!!*

Referring to the portion of the map showing the flight paths of both May and von Richthofen from the point where Brown detached east of Vaux-Sur-Somme to the point where von Richthofen crashed, it will be seen that both Buie and Evans were located to the northwest of the flight path of von Richthofen. Since von Richthofen was flying in a northerly direction and was *towards the east* of Evans and Buie, how on earth could either of them have shot von Richthofen with a bullet which entered from the *right (east)* side of his body, and came out of the *left (west)* side of his body?

Franklyn, however, was located due *east* of Evans and Buie, so, except for about the last few hundred yards of his flight path before he crashed, von Richthofen *would for at least half a mile be flying to the west of Franklyn.* Thus, it is perfectly clear that Franklyn had a fair chance, and indeed at short range, to have fired the bullet which entered von Richthofen's body on the right and passed out on the left.

Whether or not, Sgt. Franklyn fired the fatal shot can never be proved or denied, but I submit that I have now shown conclusively that it was impossible:

(A) For Capt. Roy Brown to have fired the shot that killed von Richthofen.

(B) That it was equally impossible for either Buie, or Evans, or anybody else firing from the ground to the south, southwest, west and the northwest of von Richthofen to have fired the fatal shot because the body of von Richthofen could never have been in the position whereby the fatal bullet could, enter at the *right* side and pass out at the *left!*

In conclusion, I would like to say that on publication of *Richthofen and The Flying Circus* in the Fall of 1958, I had the honor of being received at Wiesbaden by Baroness Kunigunde von Richthofen, who kindly autographed a copy of the Richthofen book for me. The date was October 9, 1958. She said that she fully approved the very considerable efforts of the two authors and that they had fairly described the life and indeed the quite different characteristics of her two elder sons, Manfred and Lothar.

Baroness von Richthofen told me that after the end of WW I, she was visited by many of Manfred's co-pilots and by a number of British officers. She said that it was the unanimous opinion of both German and British officers that her son had been shot down by fire from the ground. R.I.P.—**D. A. Russell**

THE HERO WHO SPAWNED BEN HUR

Continued from page 23

The result was the creation of Wallace's first military command.

Under the leadership of the dashing Wallace who, now in his early 20s, was a tall, handsome, ramrod-straight figure, the unit drilled on weekends and in the evenings, and it was a rare and stormy Saturday that didn't find half of Crawfordsville turning out to gape at Lew Wallace's regiment.

He had gotten his ideas for a uniform from a book he'd read on the Algerian Zouaves, and his troops were clad in gray, Gaucho-type pants: rakish red kepis with black, shiny vizors and neck shields that hung to the shoulders, and short, red-and-white mess jackets.

What's more, following tactics he'd picked up from the same book, Wallace drilled his followers until their movements, afoot or on horseback, would have done credit to a regiment of Cossacks.

Wallace's work won a lot of attention and, when Fort Sumter was fired on a short time later, the governor of Indiana summoned the young Wallace to head all recruiting in the state.

As he'd done with the young men of Crawfordsville, Wallace carried out this latter job with consumate skill and precision. By the time Indiana's first contingent of fighting men was ready to go into action, it was a crack, precision-sharp and lightning-fast outfit.

Called the 11th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, the unit was under the command of Col. Lewis Wallace of Crawfordsville.

"Where we heading, Colonel?" a young captain on his staff asked Wallace as they sat in the troop train taking them out of Indiana.

"We've been assigned to Cumberland, Maryland," Wallace said, pulling out a map and spreading it on the seat in front of him. "As you can see here, the side that controls Cumberland can dominate the entire main line of the B & O Railroad leading to the south and west. Our job is to buttress the brigade now holding Cumberland, and keep the town from falling into the hands of the Rebels."

The 11th Indiana Volunteers hadn't been in Cumberland a week before they got their first taste of action.

Wallace learned that the main threat to Cumberland lay in the Confederate garrison at Romney, a small Virginia (now West Virginia) town on the South Branch of the Potomac River some 40 miles south of Cumberland. Building up steadily as a supply depot, Romney constituted a growing menace to the entire Union Army of the Potomac.

Wallace promptly decided to make a raid on Romney. Knowing he would get nothing but refusals if he asked for his superiors' permission, he decided to carry it out, and ask permission later.

In the middle of the night, with a mobile fighting force of 500 of his best volunteers, he slipped out of Cumberland, took the train as far into the Virginia hills as he felt was safe and then, still under cover of darkness, began the stealthy march on Romney. All the next day, Wallace and his troops, still wearing their dashing Zouave kepis and gaily-colored uniforms, infiltrated the sleepy

farm country around Romney until, by nightfall, they had surrounded the Confederate stronghold.

Then, while the garrison slept, the Indiana Zouaves struck. Wallace's men fell on the town, quickly spiked the garrison's two main artillery pieces, and speedily routed what Confederate forces didn't lay down their arms in surrender.

Overnight, they became the best known fighting men in the Union Army. What's more, Wallace's superiors, far from reprimanding him, couldn't conceal their delight in his bold action. He not only had secured Cumberland's position in control of the B & O Railroad, but also had frightened Confederate Gen. Johnston away from Harper's Ferry, thus bolstering the entire northern Union line.

How well he pleased even Gen. Grant himself became evident a day or so later, when Col. Lewis Wallace was promoted to Brig. Gen. Lewis Wallace, on a par with the top men on Grant's staff.

Thus it was inevitable that, when Grant began to lay plans for the assault on Confederate-held Fort Donelson in February, 1862, Wallace was one of the top strategists among the Union high brass.

There were known to be 20,000 well trained Confederate troops at Fort Donelson. Although Grant's army numbered 25,000, many were inexperienced.

"Our plan," Grant told his officers, "will be this: General McClernand's division will guard the right flank, and General Wallace and his men will hold the left. My men will move on the fort from the center. It is of the utmost importance, gentlemen, that each of us carries out his assigned task. Thus, you will be expected, each of you, to hold your respective positions *at all costs*. Do I make myself clear?"

The unyielding Grant had made himself quite clear. This would be no repeat of Romney, no Zouave raid carried out by a unit of hell-for-leather commandos. This was the real thing, a precise and well-planned military maneuver whose success depended on each commander following orders.

As soon as the attack was launched Wallace saw following Grant's orders was going to be one of the toughest assignments he'd ever had.

Not that he had any trouble in his own sector. Indeed, his men had quickly demonstrated that they were adept at the close-order fighting of a combined assault.

Twice the Confederates plastered Wallace's flank with everything at their command, and twice the Indiana Volunteers threw them reeling back.

"Must be nobody's told them Johnny Rebs about us Hoosiers, General!" an aide at Wallace's side shouted exultantly as the Confederate forces retired after the second assault. Wallace nodded grimly, and said nothing. What the aide wasn't aware of was that, McClernand and his division were in real trouble.

They could be seen falling back steadily before the vicious onslaught of the Southerners, and as Wallace regrouped his forces to beat off a third attack on his own flank, the first courier from McClernand staggered to the Hoosier commander's side and panted out the other general's urgent request for help.

Yelling out an order, Wallace speedily divided his own division into two equal units. One of these he ordered to remain in the position assigned them by Grant; the other, under his personal direction, wheeled around in support of McClernand.

It was the decision that saved the day. Wallace's indomitable fighters smeared the hard-smashing, veteran Confederate troops which had been harrying McClernand. In the bloody fighting, the Indiana men swept forward until they were storming the gates of the fort itself.

Within the hour, Wallace had captured the fort and plastered one of the worst defeats of the war on a vastly superior Confederate force.

"It was," Grant said later in describing Wallace's action, "one of the quickest bits of thinking under the strain of battle that I've ever seen." The top Union strategist credited Wallace with capturing "the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in one battle on this continent!"

And again Grant had the pleasant duty of informing Wallace of another promotion, as he pinned the second star of a major general on the Crawfordsville hero. At the age of 34, Lew Wallace, had attained the highest rank then attainable in the Army of the United States. What's more, he became the youngest American ever to reach that exalted rank.

Looking back on his record as a fighting man, it's difficult for present-day historians to figure why Lew Wallace never attained the niche in history reserved for so many other famed fighting men of the Civil War. And perhaps the answer lies in what happened at Shiloh in April 1862, two months after his success at Donelson.

In explaining the Shiloh campaign later, Wallace was wont to dismiss it as one of those mixups in signals that can occur in the heat of any battle. He also would add bitterly, "Oh, the lies—the lies that were told to make me the scapegoat!"

At Shiloh, Wallace was ordered by Grant to bring his troops into position on Grant's flank. But the instructions came after the battle had been raging all afternoon. It was well into the night before Wallace's forces managed to get into the position assigned them. And, by that time, Grant's battle-weary infantrymen were on the point of being pushed into the Tennessee River.

It was little wonder that the steel-hard eyes of the Union Army's commanding general were smoldering with wrath when the staff gathered in Grant's tent that night to go over their desperate position. He showed that any excuses Wallace might offer would be disdained.

But Lew Wallace was enough of a soldier to know that the last thing any officer ever voiced was excuses, and he quietly accepted Grant's almost wordless chewing-out as he planned their campaign for the following day.

And it was then that Wallace provided his substitute for an excuse. With the same cold, calculating fury that had made him unbeatable at Donelson, he personally so inspired the Union forces the following morning that they stormed back against the Southern regiments and sent them crashing to defeat.

Again Lew Wallace had proved beyond cavil that he was one hell of a fighting man, one whose talents as a leader were of such magnitude that he simply would not hear the word "defeat."

It was this refusal to quit regardless of the odds, that made Grant give him a chance, when the name of Jubal Early began to cause terror in the hearts of all Northerners.

Gen. Early had fought his way upward through Virginia with such ferocity that there seemed to be no stopping him, and when July 1862 found him well into Maryland and moving down the Monocacy River toward the capital at Washington, there were few in the North, including Lincoln himself, who weren't certain that the sack of Washington was but a matter of hours away.

Preparations had already begun for the government to flee to Philadelphia or New York. Unless Early could be stopped, or at least delayed in his march, there wouldn't be time to get fresh troops into the Washington defenses.

Unfortunately, Grant had relieved Wallace of his command after his disappointment in the Hoosier at Shiloh. Since then Lew had been relegated to staff paper work well behind the front lines.

Now, though, Grant demonstrated his own qualities of leadership. Forgetting his disagreement with Wallace, he summoned him to his quarters and restored him to his command.

"I don't expect you to stop Early," Grant rasped, chewing on his dead cigar as he talked. "But I want him held up in his march, at least long enough to give me time to get reinforcements into Washington. Think you can do it?"

"I'll leave at once," Wallace said.

The rest is history.

Jubal Early, moving like a dreaded reaper down the Monocacy, suddenly found himself up against a fighting force which, although perhaps not the equal of his own, nevertheless made up in raw courage for the fact that it had been brought late into the action.

Wallace's hit-and-run tactics, his flanking movements, his calculated deception in the face of deadly enemy fire now are known to every student of military strategy. And while he failed to stop Early and, in the purest military sense, his actions along the Monocacy might be termed a defeat, it was Grant himself and later Lincoln, too, who admitted that it had been Lew Wallace alone who had saved Washington from being destroyed, and perhaps the entire Union from being crushed. For the Hoosier delayed Early just long enough to permit Grant's reinforcements to arrive.

In line for another promotion, Wallace now had no higher rank to which to aspire. Instead, he was content to be back in the thick of the fighting.

PHOTO CREDITS: pg 12, UPI; pg 13, WW; pg 31, UPI; pgs 32-33, UPI; pg 45, UPI

By the time of Lee's surrender, he was commanding officer of the important and strategic garrison at Cincinnati, Ohio, his ramrod-straight figure and his flowing black beard familiar sights throughout the Midwest. The respect in which he was held was not surpassed by that of any other fighting man on either side.

As a mark of that respect, he was one of the first officers to be appointed, the moment the war ended, to the high-ranking military court which presided over the trial of Mrs. Mary Surratt and her seven companions for their part in the Lincoln assassination plot.

When that trial ended in the conviction of the conspirators, Wallace promptly was named presiding judge at the Andersonville military trial, convened to hear testimony against the notorious Capt. William Wirz, who had commanded the infamous prison stockade at Andersonville, Ga. It is this trial which has been dramatized and this year ended a successful run on Broadway.

With the completion of these two trials, Wallace returned to Crawfordsville, resuming his law practice and, in his spare time, trying his hand at writing.

But writing took second place in Wallace's mind to the action on the battlefield, and when the Mexican rebel Juarez offered him a post as a major general in the insurrectionist forces fighting to dethrone Emperor Maximilian, Wallace jumped at the chance.

Now he didn't have his beloved Zouaves behind him, though, and, try as he would, he simply could not put his heart into fighting on an alien soil against an enemy for whom he had no personal animosity. This, coupled with the fact that the Mexicans welshed on their promise to pay him a sizable fee and to give him important mineral rights in the new republic, soon had him returning to Crawfordsville.

There he completed his first book—a novel of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez—which he called *The Fair God*. It had the surprisingly good sale of 7,000 copies. Yet Wallace still longed for action and when Grant was elected President, he applied to his one-time commanding officer for a diplomatic post.

The President turned him down. It remained for Grant's successor, Rutherford B. Hayes, to get Wallace back into action as a fighting man. But this time it wasn't a military battle.

The election of 1876 had resulted in charges of voting frauds, particularly in certain parts of the South, and Wallace, on the strength of his legal training and his war service, was appointed chairman of a commission assigned to investigate the situation. His conclusions, particularly as regards the Florida vote, secured the Presidency for Hayes, and Hayes, the moment he reached the White House, rewarded Wallace by appointing him governor of the Territory of New Mexico.

"Reward, is it?" a former officer friend of Wallace said to him. "Lew, that's no reward—it's a death sentence. New Mexico is the wildest territory on this whole damn continent. You'll be lucky if you come out of it in one piece."

As Wallace's friend described the territory, it was the Old West in all its primitive lawlessness. Not only were the Apaches, led by Chief Victorio, constantly on the warpath against all white men—burning, pillaging, scalping and plundering—but the peaceable white settlers in the area were outnumbered by desperadoes at a ratio of better than 20 to 1.

Nevertheless, Wallace leaped into his new assignment with all the old fighting spirit he had shown at Romney, Donelson, Shiloh, and along the Monocacy. He even took his wife, Susan, along with him. Together they stepped off the dusty stage at Santa Fe one hot afternoon.

In almost every doorway lurked hard-case gunslingers, each more vicious-looking than his neighbor.

"What's behind all this lawlessness?" he asked the tanned and cold-eyed sheriff who now shook his hand and welcomed him as the new governor. "Has any attempt at all been made to make this town a fit place in which to live?"

The sheriff shrugged resignedly. "Trouble is," he said, "we're in the midst of a range war, with two powerful outfits fighting for possession of the same land. And as fast as one side imports a new batch of gunslingers, the other side comes back at 'em by bringing in a rival gang of killers."

"Who's the ringleader among these outlaws?" Wallace asked. "There must be someone, on one side or the other, to whom the others look for guidance."

The sheriff smiled thinly, and slowly took out a long black cheroot. "That's the funny thing," he grunted. "The toughest hombre in the lot is just a kid, fellow named William Bonney. Back east you probably heard of him under his other handle."

"What's that?"

"Well, sir, he's better known as Billy the Kid."

"Sheriff," Wallace said flatly, "I want the following notice posted at once throughout the Territory. I will pay one thousand dollars for the capture of this Billy the Kid, dead or alive! Good day."

The word of Wallace's announcement spread through New Mexico with electrifying effect. The man must be a fool, or at best a lunatic! Who the hell did he think was going to buck Billy the Kid, for $1,000 or $10,000?

The ridicule heaped on Wallace wherever men gathered in the Territory was soon topped by a derisive retort from Billy the Kid himself, who plainly indicated that he felt this greenhorn governor deserved to learn the facts of life—and in a hurry.

"I will," the Kid boasted, "ride into the plaza at Santa Fe, hitch my horse in front of the palace—and put a bullet through Lew Wallace!"

That evening, however, the citizenry of New Mexico got their first indication of the stuff that went to make up the backbone of their new governor.

Wallace had been at work for some time on his second book, *Ben Hur*, and he customarily devoted a few hours each day to writing. Thus, with the supper dishes out of the way that evening, he announced calmly to Susan that he'd be in his office working on his book if she needed him, and promptly headed for the big room overlooking the plaza.

There he threw open all the shutters, lit the big oil lamp on his desk, and, with his back to the plaza so as to put himself in perfect silhouette, sat down and calmly began to write!

That, for the people of Santa Fe, was just about it—this man *was* mad! Did he honestly think Billy the Kid had any compunction about shooting a man in the back? If he did, he obviously didn't know the Kid.

Yet no one was able to change Wallace's mind; and even a plea from Susan had no effect on Wallace. All that evening, and all the next, he stuck to his writing.

Then Wallace got the answer on which he'd gambled: Billy sent him a note, the morning after the second day, in which he plainly showed his respect for Wallace's courage. At the same time, he offered to give himself up to Wallace, and to testify against the other desperadoes in the Territory. In return, he asked but one thing: "I want a full and complete pardon," the Kid wrote.

If Wallace accepted the offer, he was to come to an abandoned ranchhouse in an arroyo several miles north of town, from the windows of which the Kid could spot any attempt by the governor to pull a fast one by setting a trap for Billy.

"I wouldn't do it, if I were you, Governor," one Santa Fe official warned. "How do you know he isn't asking you to come out there so he can put that bullet through you?"

Wallace smiled and put on his hat. "I've had a lot of men try to put bullets through me in my lifetime. I shall meet this Mr. Bonney, and see what he has to say for himself. After all, his testimony in open court could do a lot to bring convictions against the real troublemakers in this territory, and we need those convictions."

An hour later, Wallace—riding alone because he refused to let any other man take the same risk he was willing to take himself—topped a rise looking down on the ranchhouse the Kid had specified, and reined in his horse.

There was not a sign of life from the place, no smoke from a wood fire, no trace of a tethered horse. The house looked silent, deserted, deadly.

Wallace spurred his horse, and slowly descended the hill. With every step forward, he could feel his heart beat faster, and he knew the perspiration that made his shirt stick to his back would give away his nervousness, if the Kid should notice it. But Wallace was determined that the Kid should not see it.

At the door of the ranchhouse, Wallace dismounted, tied the reins and slowly mounted the steps. At the doorway, he paused momentarily, drew in a long breath—and then kicked open the door.

The room was deserted.

Dust from years of disuse lay over the floor, the crumbling mantel and rickety table standing in the center of the room. Wallace entered slowly, shut the door and sat down at the table to wait.

At exactly 9 o'clock there came a rap on the door, and the governor called out, "Come in." A moment later a figure materialized in the doorway, but Wallace was unprepared for what he saw by the light of a lantern.

Instead of the vicious and deadly-looking cutthroat he'd expected, the man holding a six-gun pointed at Wallace's middle was scarcely more than a child! If he'd started to shave, there was no evidence of it on his smooth, baby-skin face, and he looked for all the world like a schoolboy playing bandit with a pistol.

Only the eyes—granite-hard and deadly—told Wallace unmistakably that this was indeed Billy the Kid.

It took but a matter of minutes to satisfy the Kid that Wallace was up to no trickery, and that the governor had accepted Billy's offer to give himself up. Arrangements were made for Bonney to come in later that day and turn himself over to the law. On his part, Wallace agreed to start the machinery going at once to obtain the Kid's pardon.

What's more, it all worked out almost as Wallace had hoped it would. The Kid was instrumental in convicting scores of New Mexico's worst badmen and in frightening others enough to send them into hiding in Mexico. But, because of the refusal of the prosecuting attorney to withdraw charges against the Kid, Wallace was unable to fulfill his share of the bargain and grant him a pardon.

Still a hunted man, Billy soon was involved in another gunfight in which he killed two more men. Again Wallace offered a reward for his capture, and once more the Kid defied it by threatening to kill the governor on sight. This time, however, no deal was made, and Bonney eventually was caught, convicted, and an order for his hanging signed by Gov. Wallace.

But, as every reader of western lore knows, they weren't about to hang Billy the Kid. While being held under close guard, the Kid got his hands on a gun secreted in the jail by a friend. With it he shot his jailer, killed another guard and escaped. And it was not until three months later that Sheriff Pat Garrett, killed Bonney.

New Mexico at last was a settlement in which law-abiding citizens could live in peace. For even the raiding Apaches were finally subdued by Wallace. Now he was able to complete his work on *Ben Hur* in comparative peace.

After a slow start, the book began to sell with increasing speed and 11 years after publication, it had outsold even the all-time best-seller among modern novels, the fabulously successful *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In the next 20 years, countless editions of the book were published, and it was translated into most of the world's leading languages, including Braille. A play was written with the novel as its basis, and this dramatic work—despite a prediction that the American public never would accept "Christ and a horse race in the same show"—ran on Broadway for 21 months, and both silent and modern sound movie versions were fantastically successful.

In brief, Lew Wallace unquestionably can be said to be the most successful novelist who ever lived, since only one other book in all history—the Bible—has sold more copies than *Ben Hur*.

Yet Lew Wallace would have been among the first to deprecate the success he had as a writer and as a lawyer—the two things for which he's remembered today—and would have preferred his lasting glory to have been based on his physical accomplishments as one of the nation's greatest fighting men.

That this is no idle speculation is seen in his refusal throughout his lifetime to accept the one setback he experienced—General Grant's displeasure with him at Shiloh.

Till the day he died, Wallace brushed aside the honors heaped on him for his other accomplishments—his acknowledged saving of the city of Washington, his triumph at Donelson, his conquest of Billy the Kid, his authorship of the amazing *Ben Hur*—in order to concentrate on the situation at Shiloh.

Almost annually from the day the Civil War ended, Wallace revisited the battlefield at Shiloh, and went over the territory inch by inch to satisfy himself that his own conduct there had been exemplary, as it had been in other battles in which he took part, and that he had been unjustly accused for his failure to get into position on time. And not even his subsequent valor at Shiloh served to make him forget the one military mistake—if such it was—that ever has been pinned on him.

It still was bothering him when he died in 1905 at the age of 78.

Today, millions of theater-goers, if they see his name at all, know him only as one of those faceless, bodyless characters, a writer. To men of action everywhere, however, he should be far more revered for being what he always wanted to be, and what he most certainly was—a fighter. •

HE'S NOT A QUACK SALESMAN

Continued from page 20

to the bottom, while the puddle ducks tip over and extend their long necks down to reach pond weeds and grass. From Les Tooker I learned how to rig up the large number of decoys you need for the divers to simulate their larger flocks. I did a lot of hunting; there are a million things to learn.

"Most of the time I was a loner—a lot of duck hunters are—but I had the good fortune to hunt with Fred Squires before he died a few years ago at the age of ninety-four. Fred had been a gunner and a bayman all his life and could remember back to his market-gunning days. One season he'd been away, but he got back just in time to hear the redheads were in Great South Bay. He kept his family up all night loading brass cases by hand and the next day he killed four hundred birds. These baymen never missed. Squires had witnesses to the fact that he killed six Canada geese out of a flight line of seven with an automatic, at a time when you didn't have to load just three under the law. Fred told me confidentially he crippled the seventh. I don't know, he was an awfully good shot.

"Fred Squires didn't go much for the general advice they give in books. 'Ducks can't read,' he used to say. You have to know the hunting around where you are, and that's just practice. Squires knew Shinnecock Bay and many others like the palm of his hand, knew every spot the birds liked. He didn't waste time. He died a couple years ago with his feet in bay mud, clamming, and that's the way he'd have wanted it."

That night, we talked more about decoying and how Rab grew in the art. World War II interrupted his career, and Coast Guard patrol duty from Charleston to Halifax just whetted his appetite. He migrated with the ducks and geese and never got a shot at them, but by the time the war ended he felt as though he knew the first name of every sea gull on the coast.

Rab Staniford's budding art nearly went to the dogs via a New York City desk job after the war; it was a losing fight between getting to work and getting in some morning shooting. Finally, when he heard that Wildfowlers Inc. in Saybrook, Connecticut, could use a man, he chucked his briefcase, got into his work trousers and went calling.

Ted Mullican had built for Wildfowlers Inc. one of the best names in wooden decoys, but always kept an eye out for new blood. Rab knew Mullican's reputation when he went to see him. When he got there, he practically hid his burlap sack behind him.

"What's in the sack?" Mullican said offhandedly.

"Just a few decoys, thought you might like a look at."

"Dump 'em on the table."

Staniford dumped. Mullican fingered the birds silently, glanced at Rab and said simply, "You and me'll get along fine."

Ted Mullican taught Staniford every painstaking step in running a decoy shop, and within a few years let him take over supervision. Eventually Mullican faced up to the fact that if the business was going to stay in the black, youth would have to be served. The older man was bucking a rising tide of plastic decoys that could be made so cheaply a woodworker couldn't compete.

When Rab Staniford took Wildfowlers Inc. from Saybrook to his hometown of Quogue all he had was know-how, a good brand name, some ancient machinery and a few steady orders. He was looking directly up the snout of the plastics industry; rubber decoy makers were breathing hotly down his neck, and bankruptcy loomed large on the horizon.

It was the old struggle of hand work versus machine work.

But Rab Staniford was going to fight fire with fire. He would do hand work with *machines*. He begged and borrowed until he became the proud owner of a modern, multiple-spindle, carving machine. This monster boasts 12 chucks containing cutting bits, each power head linked in series to the other, pantograph style. Dead center in the line is a 13th position mounting a dummy cutter which can be guided over the surface of a hand-carved decoy head or body while the actual cutters perform the same movements on raw wood with an accuracy of 100th of an inch. The model and the blocks can be rotated 360 degrees in unison by a special control to give complete access, and a series of cutter changes is possible from rough to fine. Several hand-sanding operations follow.

Now, an automatic carver is just as good as its model: it will faithfully reproduce every error and blemish. Staniford put extra time into perfecting those models, carrying the art a level higher than even Mullican's high standard. He produced more than 25 species and in many cases three head positions per species: high neck, medium neck and straight-head sleeper. He brought his body models to perfection with a new and revolutionary broad-base design that simulates a live duck's web-footed stability in rough water, and a modified Chesapeake model with slightly rounded body to please the gunners down on the big bay where they like their decoys to roll and flash belly-white as though they were feeding or flapping.

Gradually, amid a magnificent shower of expensive maple and Ecuadoran balsa sawdust, Staniford brought body costs down.

Now if he could only streamline the painting operation. Spraying the base coat was easy. He tried stenciling feathers. Some of the easier back patterns could be stenciled effectively, but the delicate head painting had to be left to human fingers.

When the final cost analysis was in, Staniford knew he had a fight on his hands. He decided to take a gamble: he would put more work into his birds instead of less; better finishing, better painting—for some of them—and produce a top grade for decorating purposes such as lodge mantelpieces, dens and trophy rooms. He would go for broke. Was the market ready?

To get the word around, Rab made up a special catalogue on the delux models and had 10,000 copies printed. That was two years ago. He has 150 left.

As Rab puts it, "There had been plenty of comment before that a fine decoy was almost as handsome sitting around the house as a good piece of taxidermy. The trouble was, with hunting, even the best decoy got a little bunged up, and even a new one is dull. This is because you use dull paint—glossy paint spooks the birds off. In the decorative work, I used the same models, but made the body of pine instead of balsa, or used maple all the way through. I took special care with plummage and top-coated with shellac and varnish. Then you have something permanent; the artistic effect is durable. And you're not even in competition with a colossal plastics machine anymore."

Today Rab Staniford is more than holding his own, largely because of this gamble he made on his faith in the inherent art of decoys—the art of the sitting ducks. Personally, he remains loyal to decoys as decoys, something to shoot ducks over. •

THE MYTH OF THE MARTYR RAPIST

Continued from page 15

beak is a psychiatric key to his behavior. Chessman knew that every victim began describing him to police by remembering "that nose.")

For perhaps 10 minutes he listened impassively to her tearful pleas. She told him she was a virgin who had never harmed anyone and asked for his mercy. She told him a further truth: that she was menstruating. He refused to believe her until he investigated.

Here is her testimony from the transcript:

Q. What happened after that?

A. Well, then, he [deleted. Here she describes a forced *fellatio*]. He had one hand in my hair and he had the gun and he told me he'd kill me if I didn't, so I did.

Q. Was that against your will and without your consent, by reason of his compulsion and force, and use of that gun?

A. Yes.

Q. Were you in fear of your life?

A. Yes, I was.

Q. What happened after he did that?

A. Well, then, he told me to get undressed. He undressed himself, and told me to get in the back seat of the car.

Q. Did you take all your clothes off?

A. Well, except my stockings and my shoes.

Q. Did you do that against your will?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you see that he was nude, see the form of his body?

A. Generally, yes.

Q. After he made you undress where did you go?

A. The back seat of the car.

Q. What did he do?

A. He got in the back and told me to lie on my stomach.

Q. Did you lie on your stomach?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. In the back seat?

A. Yes.

Q. What did he do, this man that was nude?

A. He got in back of me.

Q. In back of you: you mean what?

A. On top of me, in back of me.

[Deleted. Here the witness describes a sexually perverse act.]

Q. How long did that go on, in your best judgment?

A. Five or ten minutes.

[Deleted. Here witness gives more intimate details of what was done to her.]

Q. What happened after . . . ?

A. He told me to go back of the car and get dressed. He threw my clothes at me, and I got dressed. Then he got dressed and he drove out of the mountains there, and he drove devious ways around. Finally he took me within a block of my home.

Q. Were you let off then?

A. Yes.

Q. During the time—some time after you were in the front seat of the car, did he remove his hat?

A. Yes, he removed it while we were going home. I saw his hair and his forehead.

Q. Did he still have the mask on?

A. Yes. He had it on the entire period. But it covered only part of his face. I could see his huge nose in profile. He told me he was an Italian.

Q. Are you able to identify, in this courtroom, the man who had the mask and hat on.

A. Yes, I am.

Q. Is there any question in your mind?

A. No, there is no question. It (the defendant) is definitely him. I know what he looks like.

Q. When you were putting your clothes on behind the car, did you get a better look at the car than the first look when you were compelled to get into it?

A. Yes, I had a better look at the car. It was a gray beige color. It was a coupe; a club coupe; the front seat was divided. It was a Ford.

When Mary Alice reached home, about 4 a.m., January 22, 1948, her mother was up, waiting for her. The police, alerted by Hurlburt, had telephoned. Mary Alice was "dazed, greatly upset," and Ruth Meza, with police officers, took her to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital where she was examined by a police surgeon, Dr. Kearney Sauer.

After she was treated, Mary Alice began trying to describe for police the "tall man" and the "gray or grayish-beige" car. From shock her face had already be-

gun swelling. She told police that, frightened as she was, she had given the criminal her correct name, address, and telephone number. He had warned he'd kill her if she reported him to police. She feared he'd kill her and her mother. But she told police everything to which she later testified, and she gave them a lock of her hair. Everything she said confirmed information which police had already received from 15 other victims—either armed robbery or sexual abuse or both—of the "Red Light Bandit."

Mary Alice, with the other victims who had been inside the bandit car, agreed that it had a split seat, that it was a two-door Ford, probably gray, with a spotlight which was red when they saw it, that there were two, extra-large, illuminated red dials on the instrument panel—a feature of the '46 Ford. All victims had seen the "rusty-looking automatic, big, probably a .45," and most victims had noted a "pencil-type flashlight."

Beginning January 22, the police description of the criminal and the car was broadcast every half hour. It was:

> White, male American, about 26 years old, 6 feet, 180 pounds, dark brown wavy hair, brown eyes; prominent, long hooked nose, possibly broken; protruding jaw. Gray 1946 Ford business coupe with spotlight, either attached or carried in car, red lens cover possibly concealed in glove compartment, possibly equipped with police radio. Use extreme caution, this man is armed and dangerous.

Hour after hour this bulletin was repeated; and by 3 p.m., January 23rd, cruise cars in the Hollywood area had stopped and "checked out" 26 gray Fords. At 3:15 the Meza telephone rang, and Ruth Meza heard a cheerful, deep, male voice ask for Mary Alice. "Just a personal friend," he said.

Mary Alice, her face swollen and a rash, a psychosomatic reaction to the forced oral sex act, appearing around her mouth, picked up the telephone.

"Hello, baby," the voice said.

She screamed and dropped the telephone.

Police, who couldn't believe "the man" would actually telephone Mary Alice, quickly posted a guard at the house.

At 7:50 p.m. Traffic Officers John D. Reardon and Robert J. May had already stopped four gray Ford coupes. They were traveling south on Vermont Avenue, near Hollywood Boulevard, when they saw another Ford traveling slowly north. Both officers saw the spotlight.

Reardon made a slow U-turn, came into line behind the coupe, in which he and May could see two men. Chessman, who was driving, saw the police car and, to ascertain if it was following him, he pulled slowly into a closed filling station at Hollywood and Vermont. Reardon came in directly after him.

The chase was on. Chessman spun his tires, jerked the gray Ford through an open grease rack, headed back south on Vermont with Reardon and May in hot pursuit. Reardon turned on his siren, set his red light to oscillating. May's rapid radio report of the chase was switched to the police "hot button" so that his voice was heard in every other police car, and two nearby cars began speeding to try to intercept the fugitive.

When this chase hit crowded Melrose Avenue, Chessman was doing more than 80 miles an hour. With his .38, Officer May began firing with his right hand while he held the microphone in his left.

At Vermont and Beverly two police cars, sirens screaming, red lights oscillating, tried to ram the gray Ford, but Chessman, by speeding straight at one of them then wrenching the steering wheel, managed to skid past them.

May shot out the Ford's rear window. Reardon clenched his teeth, tramped his accelerator. He anticipated Chessman's wild turn on Sixth Street and matched it, as rubber screamed. Chessman twisted north on Shatton Place, but Reardon was gaining. Desperately, Chessman tried another U-turn. The Ford spun out of control, teetering but turning, and Reardon knew what he had to do. He didn't try to match this U-turn; decent lives were being endangered every foot of this chase, so Reardon slammed on his brakes, crashed the Ford.

Two men leaped from the Ford as Reardon and May leaped from the police car. One man, short and stocky, had his hands in the air; and Reardon handcuffed him. Chessman fled up the street, May in hot pursuit, firing over his head. Other police officers converged, with riot guns. Chessman ducked between two houses, but in the darkness he ran into a wire fence. As he bounced off it, May fired directly at him. He fell heavily against the fence with a bloody but superficial head wound. Officers surrounded him, handcuffed him.

At the Hollywood Station detectives recognized the two as old offenders. Chessman, who had been out just 27 days on his *fifth* parole; and David Hugh Knowles, 32, a veteran at burglary and armed robbery, who had been on parole for ten months.

Here I ask the reader a question which is basic in this Chessman case.

In a chase such as I have described, are your sympathies with Officers Reardon and May, or with Caryl Chessman? Do you appreciate the devotion to duty of men who, at modest pay, are willing to ram a car into a Chessman at the risk of their lives?

Or, down deep, are you just a little bit anti-cop? Are you thrilled by the bravado of the outlaw who hates cops and who, with no regard for you or your kids, speeds through crowded intersections at 80 miles an hour?

As an American whom do you "pull for" now: the lawman or the hoodlum? Americans, in recent years, have acquired some strange heroes. First, there was a TV program called *Dragnet* in which the heroes were honest Los Angeles cops at war with criminals. Then *Dragnet* got tiresome, and the current program is *Perry Mason* in which Los Angeles cops never, on their own, find the guilty person, and the bumbling district attorney prosecutes only the innocent.

I watch *Perry Mason* now and then—as diverting nonsense. But I wonder how many Americans suspect there may be "some truth" in it? There is *no* truth in it. The Los Angeles lawmen, by and large, are capable. You could sit in Los Angeles courtrooms and watch a thousand trials without seeing *one* innocent defendant.

As a reporter I have found police and district attorneys as honest a group as any other. I pull for them. And when it comes to changing laws and penalties, I want to favor what helps the lawmen, not what hinders them, in their war against mad dogs.

Does Steve Allen . . . or Marlon Brando . . . or do motion picture distributors . . . or do you . . . have some *other* attitude?

The lawmen had Chessman cold. They knew it; he knew it. His "superior intelligence" had failed him. Instead of switching stolen cars, he had allowed the "boobs" to catch him in a car he had stolen in Pasadena January 18th, in which he had committed numerous holdups, and in which he had abused both Mary Alice Meza and Mrs. Regina Johnson.

On the evening of January 19th Chessman had caught Mrs. Johnson and her companion, Jarnigan P. Lea. After robbing Mr. Lea of $30, Chessman forced Mrs. Johnson to enter the Ford. She, too, was menstruating. With his .45 at her head Chessman forced her into the perversion act while Mr. Lea sat helpless a few feet away. The act did not last long—after which Chessman, alarmed by an approaching car, robbed Mrs. Johnson and allowed her to return to Mr. Lea's car. Both of them saw him clearly, and Mr. Lea qualified as an expert observer, having been trained in navigation in the Navy.

In the gray Ford officers found the .45 automatic, the "pencil-type" flashlight, and in Chessman's pocket they found a small nut which, with a bolt, was used to fasten the rim which held the lens of the spotlight in place. The nut was missing from the spotlight.

Chessman told detectives he had fashioned the "red light" by removing the rim of the spotlight, stretching red cellophane over the lens, then replacing and tightening the rim.

In the Ford officers also found a wallet and a pile of new suits, sport jackets, slacks and sport shirts, all on hangers. Chessman and Knowles had $350 cash between them. At 6:45 p.m., an hour before the chase began, Chessman and Knowles had held up the Town Clothing Shop in Redondo Beach. They had forced the proprietor and a clerk into a back room, had slugged the proprietor and taken his wallet. They got the clothes and $320.

In his cell in the Hollywood station Chessman began sparring with two detectives, Colin C. Forbes and Al Goossen. He was chagrined over having lost the chase. He insisted it was the first of many chases he had ever lost to "boob-cops."

He blamed it on the Ford which he said was a "lemon."

"How could the car be a lemon?" Goossen asked. "You're the big expert on cars and chases. You'd had that car ten days. Had the car been a lemon a big expert like you would have noticed it and chucked it. Are you telling us that a big expert, after ten days, gets caught in a hot car that's a lemon?"

"You think you're smart, Chessman," Forbes remarked. "On your record you're stupid. A five-time loser, you get paroled and in a week you're pulling stupid stickups: you get caught with your victim's wallet and with clothes with tags still on them. And you're forcing women to ————."

Chessman then blamed his capture on Knowles. He said Knowles refused to fire back at the cops while he (Chessman) was busy driving.

"The yellow sonofabitch hid behind the front seat," Chessman said.

"Yeah?" Forbes replied. "Why didn't you use the gun? When those two police officers rammed you, the gun was in your lap. You'd been a big bad gunman, smacking helpless men and threatening helpless women. But when two police officers looked you in the eye, you made damn certain the gun wasn't in your hand. You're a fine one to call somebody yellow. Your yellow streak's a yard wide."

Caryl Chessman desperately wanted to believe he was smart and brave and superior to cops. On his record he was stupid and yellow and no match for cops.

He was also galled by the sex charges. Over and over he insisted: "I can get all the girls I want. Do I look like a guy who has to use a gun to get ————."

He didn't like the answers.

Trying to "out-tough" and "out-slick" the lawmen—to use his words—Chessman, as a six-time loser no longer young, knew that at best he'd never be free again, and at worst he'd be executed. Previously, since he hadn't killed anybody, he had not risked capital punishment. Now he faced California's "Little Lindbergh Law" . . . "kidnapping for the purpose of robbery with bodily injury" . . . and it was this which could put him in the gas chamber.

This is a *humane* law. After the murder of the Lindbergh child, and faced with a high incidence of mayhem and murder during armed robbery, true humanitarians in California tried to devise a law with which society could hope to extend some degree of protection to the citizen who is at the mercy of a gunman.

When a criminal is threatening the life of a victim, how can society hope to discourage that criminal from harming his victim? The only answer is by penalizing the criminal more severely if he harms than if he does not harm. If the penalty for kidnapping and/or robbing and *not* harming the victim is the same as kidnapping and/or robbing and *harming*, why shouldn't every kidnapper and/or robber murder his victim and thereby eliminate the risk of the victim giving evidence against him?

When a gun or knife is being held against an innocent American, whose safety is our society most concerned with: the victim's or the criminal's?

One of the several lies employed by Chessman and his advocates was that he was executed in 1960 under a law "which *long since* has been repealed." My publishers in Europe made this point to me.

A complete lie. In 1951 the Little Lindbergh Law was modified slightly by the California Legislature as regards the distance which an armed robber may "move" his victim before he becomes guilty of kidnapping. But the crime which Chessman twice committed is punishable by death in California in 1961 exactly as it was in 1948. On September 19, 1960—four months after Chessman's execution—in a similar case, under this same statute, the death penalty was imposed on a defendant in Los Angeles County by Superior Court Judge Mark Brandler.

The two victims who could put Chessman in the gas chamber were Mary Alice Meza and Regina Johnson.

The detectives took him to the Meza home. Mary Alice was in bed, her face swollen, her mouth covered with a rash. Her mother had to sit at her bedside, feed her by hand, for she screamed if left alone. But she was coherent.

Three detectives in plainclothes stood outside a window with Chessman. Mary Alice, in her robe, came to the window and looked at the group carefully. She shuddered.

"There is no doubt," she said. "That nose . . . that hair that comes down to a peak. . . . I'd know him anywhere."

The detectives, with her mother, took her to a garage where a dozen cars, some damaged, were parked. Mary Alice walked into the garage unaided, went directly to the gray Ford.

Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Lea, separately, unhesitatingly, positively, identified both Chessman and the Ford.

Chessman then took another tack with the detectives. A conversation, sworn to by the detectives, went like this:

Goossen: Chessman, how long did you have the Meza girl in your car?

Chessman: About two hours.

Forbes: Did you make her take her clothes off?

Chessman: All except her shoes and stockings.

Forbes: Did you know Mary and Mrs. Johnson were menstruating?

Chessman: They told me they were.

Forbes: Why didn't you finish raping Mary?

Chessman: She was pretty young.

The case of the People of California vs. Caryl Chessman was ready for trial. Is there a "people" in Western Europe, or in North or South America, or in Australia or New Zealand, who would *not* have put Caryl Chessman on trial for his life?

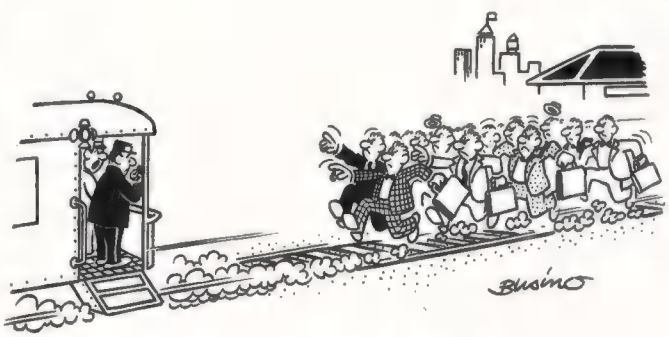
Between Chessman's capture and the start of his trial, three months elapsed: January 23rd to April 30th, 1948. I ask my readers to reflect on the position of Regina Johnson and Mary Alice Meza during this period. Was their position enviable? Do you suppose they were regarded and treated sympathetically and humanely?

Until they fell prey to Chessman, these two human beings had enjoyed privacy, at least in their persons. Regina Johnson, in her mid-30s had lived with her husband for 16 years at 6068 La Prada Park, Los Angeles. (Near Alhambra.) Her husband was retired, considerably older than she. For all these 16 years their best friends had been their neighbors across the street: Jarnigan Lea, whose wife was dead; his sister; and his aged mother. On the evening of January 19th Regina Johnson was still weak from infantile paralysis, she was menstruating, her husband was not feeling well, she had worked all day, and she was "extremely nervous." Her husband had asked Mr. Lea to take her for a short drive: the three of them often went for such drives. They had driven up past the Sacred Heart Academy and stopped "parallel with the street" at the Flintridge overlook in Pasadena. In addition to many square miles of lights, this overlook provides a clear view of Rose Bowl. (From this spot Mr. Lea, "my Scotch blood showing," watched the annual fireworks display in the Bowl.)

When Chessman found them there—about 9 p.m.—he figured he had them at a disadvantage: that perhaps they were sneaking a date, wouldn't report him. He was, in fact, surprised when detectives told him these two would testify against him.

Chessman, his red light on, stopped behind their car. Mr. Lea noted the approach, assumed it was police with whom

CAVALIER



"See! Your watch IS ten minutes fast!"

he had chatted before at this spot. Chessman walked up to Mr. Lea's open window, in bright moonlight, with no mask, and asked for "identification." Mr. Lea produced his Masonic Lodge card, his Elks card, his driver's license. Chessman examined them with the "pencil" flashlight, providing Mr. Lea a close, well-lighted look at his unmasked face. Only then did Chessman pull a handkerchief, which was around his throat, up partially over his face, and produce the .45.

Chessman took Mr. Lea's money, his car keys, and Mrs. Johnson's pocketbook, then ordered her to walk to the Ford, threatening to "put you both in caskets" if either resisted. In the Ford, after she performed the perversion act, under threat of her life, Chessman made her open her pocketbook, took $5, then gave her the pocketbook, told her to get out. A third car was approaching.

When she was outside his car, Chessman ordered her back, handed her the keys to Mr. Lea's car. His mask had fallen down and she looked him full in the face, aided by both the moon and the lights of the approaching car. Chessman then sped away.

Once Mrs. Johnson was back in Mr. Lea's car she told him what had happened, and the two of them drove immediately to the nearest sheriff's substation and reported the full circumstances.

Was that the action of two people who were themselves misbehaving, or who had anything to hide? It was the action of two courageous, innocent, and outraged citizens. Particularly, it was the action of a decent housewife who was willing to publicize an indignity to herself in order to counter a threat to all decent people.

But in the months before Chessman's trial, and especially thereafter, Regina Johnson had to suffer not only the shock of what Chessman had done to her, she also found herself slandered, libeled and criticized. Chessman began to acquire sympathizers. Irresponsible publications questioned his guilt. And part of this campaign, inevitably, had to be directed toward discrediting the witnesses against him.

What was a married woman doing parked in a "lover's lane" with a man who wasn't her husband? And what's she got to complain about? He didn't kill her, did he? Wasn't she asking for it, parked up there in the dark? How can you send a human being to the gas chamber on the testimony of some "nervous woman" who may be trying to cover up her own misconduct?

And what of Mary Alice Meza?

"Try to put yourself in her place," her mother said to me. "She was a girl who had been reared with all the protections and decencies of a devout Catholic family. Then suddenly for two hours she is mauled by a brute in a manner she couldn't conceive of. I, of course, had no choice in reporting it to police: Frank Hurlburt had already gone to the police, as he should have done. Had the police not been notified before Mary Alice reached home, and had I made the decision as to whether to notify the police, I don't know what I would have done. I may have chosen the selfish way: I might have put my daughter's welfare ahead of the public welfare and *not* notified the police. For once the police were notified, a normal existence for Mary Alice became practically impossible. Any thoughtful person can see why:

"How could she recover from shock when day after day the newspapers, then magazines, radio and TV detailed the nature of the indignities forced on her, and discussed the most private parts of her anatomy? How could she go back to school when she felt every eye was turned toward her and every couple was discussing the details of her ordeal? Then came the criticisms leveled at her; filthy, anonymous telephone calls; and the suggestions that 'up there in the dark' she was 'inviting' what Chessman had done to her. Some people began to imply that she was trying to send an innocent 'boy' to the gas chamber to cover up her own recklessness or misbehavior. And with all this, she had to face the very real possibility that Chessman would one day be free to hunt her down and take his revenge as he had told her he would."

Man's inhumanity to man takes no more depressing form than the cruelty of Americans toward women who have been sexually abused.

Before the trial, as was his legal right, Chessman assumed what defense posture his twisted but alert mind could devise. He scorned legal aid, announced he'd conduct his own defense. The court, bending over backward to protect his rights, appointed an attorney to assist him, but Chessman refused this assistance. This was in character for, since his only "cause" was his war against the "boobs," how could Chessman accept a "boob's" assistance? How could he cooperate in his own defense with a public defender?

He denied all statements he had made to detectives, saying these had been "beaten out" of him. He said he wasn't the man who abused Mary Alice and Mrs. Johnson; he knew who was, but he wasn't telling. He said he had "borrowed" the Ford from one "Joe Terranova" a few minutes before police sighted him; that "Joe" was in the car at the start of the chase; but that "Joe" had jumped out when Chessman made the first U-turn through the filling station.

There was, of course, no "Joe" Terranova, and no one had "jumped out" at the filling station. Officers Reardon and May had been directly behind the Ford; their lights full on it; they would have seen—and one of them would have pursued—anybody who jumped out.

Chessman did know a hoodlum named Charles Saverine Terranova. They had been together in prison, and they were both in the Los Angeles County Jail in April 1948 when Chessman was trying to devise a defense for his forthcoming trial.

Chessman did not accuse Charles Saverine Terranova; he told police that Charles Saverine Terranova was not "Joe" Terranova. Despite this, however, detectives carefully "checked out" Charles Saverine Terranova. Moreover, an investigator for the Public Defender's office, Ed Bliss, seeking evidence to assist Chessman's defense, "checked out" Charles Saverine Terranova, and determined that he was not the red light bandit and was not "Joe" Terranova.

Charles Saverine Terranova had provable alibis; and not one of Chessman's victims, either of robbery or sexual abuse, believed he had seen Charles Saverine Terranova.

Terranova told detectives that Chessman, with him in the jail, was begging him to help him in his trial, to allow him to "inject" his name and imply that Terranova "could have been" the red light bandit. Terranova had refused, after which Chessman could not accuse Charles Terranova because the state would have presented Terranova against Chessman.

The trial lasted three weeks. Mary Alice had made a valiant recovery, and day after day she faced Chessman and the curious crowd. Regina Johnson and Jarnigan Lea were unshaken, completely convincing witnesses; and all three were cross-examined by Chessman himself. This led to unique exchanges: Chessman trying to use third person and asking questions about "this man who approached you," and both Mary Alice and Mrs. Johnson trying to reply in third person but often using second person—"*you* did this, and *you* said that."

This annoyed Chessman.

The people's case was presented, step by step, by a fair and able prosecutor, Deputy District Attorney J. Miller Leavy. A jury of eleven women and one man found Chessman guilty on 17 counts of felony, including the two for which the death penalty is mandatory.

On June 25, 1948, Judge Charles W. Fricke sentenced Chessman to die *twice* in San Quentin's gas chamber. On lesser counts he sentenced him to life imprisonment, and gave him a dozen other sentences of five years to life.

"Your Honor," Chessman said mockingly, "I already owe the state 260 years for violating parole on former sentences."

"Those may be served concurrently," the judge replied.

The contrast in what happened during the next 12 years to Chessman, on the one hand, and to Mary Alice Meza and Regina Johnson on the other, constitutes one of the supreme ironies of the times.

Chessman became a "hero" to "millions" as well as to himself. He flourished, as he always had in prison. He was living under the only conditions in which he could flourish: detention, without responsibility, free to devote his mind and energy to his "cause" against the "boobs." Only from Death Row could Caryl Chessman ever have attracted the public attention on which he thrived. Only from Death Row could he ever have secured a book publisher, the otherwise respectable firm of Prentice-Hall.

Those sardonic gods who overlook the destiny of men must have chuckled over their wine cups at the reverse social chemistry by which Caryl Chessman became a

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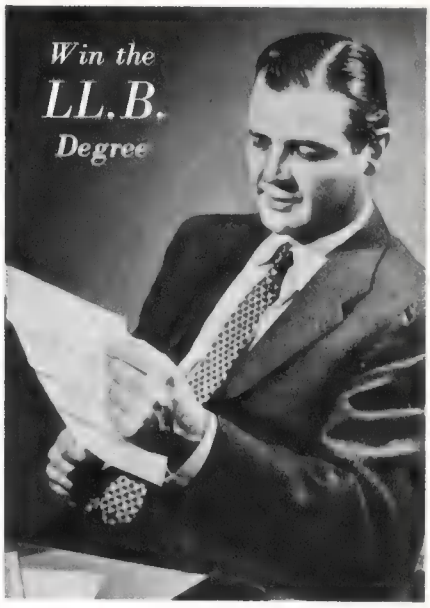
ANSWER. Yes. Both Smith and Jones became bound when the letter containing the acceptance was mailed.

CASE #2 Doe said to Crane, "I will sell you 100 shares of XY stock at $50." Crane said, "I'll give you $45." Doe, knowing the market was unsettled, said nothing, but an hour later tendered 100 shares and a bill for $4,500. May he hold Crane?

ANSWER: No. Crane's counter-offer was a rejection of Doe's offer.



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leader of the movement to abolish capital punishment—an "obscene, barbaric device," in Chessman's words, "the blind, outrageous, senseless effort of society to take its revenge on me."

Society wasn't trying to take revenge on Chessman. Society, hopefully, had freed Chessman five times. Society, in defeat, was trying only to make certain that Chessman took no more revenge on the "chumps."

The most ironic of all reverse developments was the contention by Chessman's advocates that by continually setting death dates for him, then granting reprieves, the United States was "torturing" him. Actually, Chessman thrived on such "torture," for each death date meant new drama in his "battle against the boobs," more visits by reporters, more headlines, more radio and TV bulletins, more book sales, more favorable magazine articles, more chances to attract the "devotion of women" like the actress Shirley MacLaine.

As Chessman gained advocates, what was the inevitable effect on Mary Alice Meza? If he was innocent, what was she? A girl with her background could hardly shrug off the charge that she had tried to send an innocent man to his death.

What was the inevitable effect on Regina Johnson? On Jarnigan Lea? Both of them had looked Caryl Chessman straight in the face. Both knew what he was. How could they react to the charge that they, to cover their own misconduct, had conspired against "an innocent and underprivileged youth?"

By the time the trial ended both Mary Alice and Regina Johnson believed that Chessman would one day be free to harm them and their families.

Consider the multiple tortures of the girl, Mary Alice. The ineradicable effects of the brutality. The continuing publicity. Her fear that her friends, even a prospective husband, would forever recoil from her because she had been involved in an unnatural sex act. Her terror at the thought of a released Chessman. The criticisms of herself which she felt, heard, read.

"As much as anything else," her mother told me, "Mary Alice seemed depressed to learn that so many people would support Chessman and thereby denounce her. A world in which so many people would 'crusade' to help her abuser seemed to Mary Alice almost unbearably cruel."

More and more, Mary Alice "withdrew." Eight weeks after Chessman was sentenced she went back to Los Angeles City College.

"She fought so hard," her mother said. "If it could all have been over with, I think she could have made it. But she knew that her ordeal hadn't ended with the trial. She thought Chessman would get another trial, that she'd be called to testify again, that her picture would appear again in newspapers, magazines, and on TV with each new development. She saw herself as being tied, helplessly and horribly, to a never-ending Chessman case. She told me she just couldn't go to school any more, and each week I had a harder time getting through to her. She remained tidy, able to care for herself physically, but expression became more difficult for her, and her face began to take on that blank expression of the human being for whom reality is just too cruel. We had no choice but to seek treatment for her. We took her to Camarillo where, for eleven years, her father and I have contributed to her support. We have visited her regularly, prayed for her, and rejoiced during the two periods in which she appeared almost able to return to reality."

Mary Alice's brother, anxious over what a released Chessman might do to his mother and sister, had to postpone his own marriage until Chessman was dead.

While his victims were suffering, Chessman was enjoying an opportunity given to few men.

As a writer, with a vast audience sick with sentimentality, Chessman was able to project his fantasies, to introduce himself to people not as he was but as he wished he were, to rewrite his life like Communists rewrite history.

From his writings here are samples of his fantasies, to which I have appended the realities:

Fantasy: Like Robin Hood, Chessman robbed those who most deserved to be robbed: pimps and bookies, and he robbed to buy medical treatment for his sick mother.

Reality: Chessman's favorite robbery victims were filling-station operators who, by the nature of their business, are helpless as they present themselves courteously to serve a customer. And he robbed, hurt, and ravished, not to satisfy his mother's needs, but to satisfy his own brutal contempt for all that is decent and human and compassionate. Instead of helping his mother, he tortured her with anguish and shame.

Fantasy: Chessman was courageous. He pistol-whipped bad criminals, like pimps, punished any member of the "criminal fraternity" who broke the Code of Honor.

Reality: Chessman was a coward. He was held in contempt by other criminals; and, like all sex offenders, he had to be protected in prison to keep other prisoners from knifing him.

Fantasy: The courageous Chessman frequently disarmed "boob cops," faced them down, chased them off, humiliated them.

Reality: Chessman never once faced a cop alone with a gun in his hand. He may have fired from speeding cars at cops, but he dropped his gun every time a cop closed in on him.

Fantasy: Girls loved Chessman readily, tenderly, devotedly.

Reality: Chessman married one girl, but she quickly left him. The girls who visit prisons found Chessman repulsive, even after he had become famous.

Fantasy: Chessman was *not* the Red Light Bandit. He knew who was; but he couldn't tell—not even to save his life—for this would violate his Code of Honor.

Reality: Chessman *was* the Red Light Bandit. He would have accused his own mother if he had thought it would help him. He tried desperately to find somebody to accuse. He couldn't accuse anyone, because the accused would at once have been presented against him. Then how could Caryl Chessman have continued to claim innocence?

The law under which Chessman was sentenced to death has a three-year limitation. Within three years after a crime, the state must accuse or lose the right to accuse. Therefore in all the years after 1951, Chessman's claim that he had to protect the guilty man as a point of honor was a fraud transparent to all but his blindest advocates. Protect the guilty man from what? In nine of his years in prison Chessman could have named his mythical guilty man, and the State of California could not even have made an arrest.

Chessman's claim that he knew the *real* bandit put him in a ridiculous position with his own advocates when his death became certain.

His advocates pleaded with him not to die without naming the *real* bandit. If Chessman had indeed "matured," if he now deserved the devotion of women, if he had ended his war against society and was now devoting himself, living and dead, to helping society abolish capital punishment, then surely Chessman should help society to know at last the *real* abuser of helpless women.

This must have been the worst moment of Chessman's life: it's the moment when I can come nearest to sympathizing with him.

Why had he been so stupid as to insist that he knew the red light bandit? His plea of "not guilty" was legal and for him the accepted correct plea. His claim that he had borrowed the gray Ford a few minutes before the chase from somebody he couldn't identify was unreasonable but it was the only position for him. It placed on the state the proper responsibility of proving he was lying.

Then why did Chessman claim that he knew the identity of the lone man who had been using the Ford during days and nights before Chessman, according to his claim, ever saw the Ford?

The answer is in Chessman's writings and statements. As part of his pitiful effort to feel superior, he had insisted on trying to believe not only that he was smarter than the "boob cops," but also that he possessed knowledge of the "criminal, anti-social world" which they didn't have.

This psychiatric necessity led Chessman into the stupidity of claiming he knew the *real* bandit, and this claim, at the end, left him defenseless before his own advocates.

If Chessman, as his last act before the gas chamber, would only name the *real* bandit and thereby prove that society had executed an innocent man, the walls of capital punishment must come tumbling down. Chessman *could not* miss such an opportunity, his advocates insisted. To give "meaning" to his "ordeal" he *must* name the real criminal. To keep faith with those who had "fought" for him, he must not die with sealed lips!

In this completely ridiculous position, badgered by his crusading "humanitar-

ians," Chessman proffered them two sops.

He announced that even though he was going to his death and would thereby be beyond the vengeance of the "criminal world" which his Code of Honor had caused him to protect, his "daughter" would live after him. Therefore, to protect his "little daughter," he must die with his long-sealed lips still sealed.

This made a good story for the sick sentimentalists. And "throughout the world" there are still "millions of people" who believe it because they hope it's true. One of my European publishers reminded me that Chessman "of course had to protect his daughter."

In California, among the advocates closest to Chessman, his "daughter story" caused recrimination and embarrassment. His principal attorney, Rosalie Asher, of Sacramento, one of the women who was "devoted" to him, promptly branded the story a lie. Another attorney, George T. Davis, of San Francisco, who had handled some of Chessman's royalties, said it was true: that Chessman had "a little, brown-haired, 16-year-old daughter."

Who had mothered this mythical daughter? Not the only woman to whom Chessman was married. Her name is Lucy; she lives today in Victorville, California. She is married and has five children. She married Chessman in Las Vegas, Nevada, in 1940, but she divorced him and had not seen him in 18 years. She told *The Victor Press* that she had no children by Chessman and that he knew she did not.

This led Chessman to "reveal" to his advocates that the "daughter" was by a girl to whom Chessman was not married, but who visited him one Saturday afternoon in 1944 at the "model prison" of Chino and allowed him to take his sexual comfort in the back of a truck.

When this lady was visited, she not only denied any such misadventure, but also produced birth certificates for her children which supported Chessman neither as to date or paternity.

Chessman's embarrassed advocates rebuked him for his phony daughter story and demanded that he "keep faith" with them by naming the *real* bandit.

This predicament must have "tortured" Chessman more than his date with the gas chamber.

Ten days before he died, Chessman, through a magazine which had supported him for 12 years, named the "real" bandit; and the magazine delivered the story to the Governor of California.

Chessman's real red light bandit?

Charles Saverine Terranova!

No one knew better than Chessman that Charles Saverine Terranova, in April 1948 had been investigated and found innocent both by those working to convict Chessman and by those working to defend Chessman.

No one knew better than Chessman that from July 17, 1948, to July 19, 1955, Terranova had been Chessman's fellow inmate at San Quentin. On any day after 1951, when the statute of limitations had run, had Chessman helped prove that Terranova was the *real* bandit, Chessman could have escaped Death Row and Terranova could not have been prosecuted.

Once Chessman had accused Terranova, in the few days before his death, California authorities tried to find him. Before the world they wanted to confront Chessman with him, as they had been prepared to do at Chessman's trial in 1948 had Chessman sought to involve him. Not until July 1960, however, two months after Chessman's death, did the FBI find Terranova in El Paso, Texas. There both California and FBI agents grilled him again, reviewed their record of his movements, and verified again what they had known for 12 years—that Terranova could not have been the red light bandit.

No wonder that on May 2, 1960, Caryl Chessman went to his death coldly and cynically, without a sign of human compassion. He didn't die with "sealed lips." He broke his "code of honor." He accused a fellow hoodlum and thereby exposed his mythical "little daughter" to hoodlum retribution. To satisfy his "humanitarians" and to give his life "meaning," he tried to help society by at last naming the *real* bandit.

The *real* bandit, of course, went to the gas chamber on May 2, 1960. The case of the people of the United States against Caryl Chessman admits no doubt. This was the conclusion of a Republican Governor of California, Earl Warren, present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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The present Governor of California, a Democrat, declared: "The evidence of Chessman's guilt is overwhelming. He has shown steadfast arrogance and contempt for society and its laws."

On June 10, 1957, a world-respected Liberal, Justice William O. Douglas, of the U. S. Supreme Court, said: "The conclusion is irresistible that Chessman is playing a game with the court and stalling for time while the facts of the case grow cold."

Certain actions of the people of the United States no doubt deserve the criticism of European publishers and South American students. But is our execution of Caryl Chessman one of these actions?

During the age of Tamerlane it was said that a virgin carrying a sack of gold could travel unmolested from Samarkand to Cathay. No part of the world may ever be this safe again, but the people of the United States would like to feel that a Mary Alice Meza or a Regina Johnson can at least sit unmolested for a few minutes on the hilltops overlooking Los Angeles.

As to a Chessman motion picture, a great film could be derived from this story. But it shouldn't "dramatize for the world" the "truth about our barbaric injustice to Caryl Chessman." Instead, it should explain to the world why the people of the United States, after safeguarding every right of a society-hater, executed Caryl Chessman, and why we will execute the next Chessman.

The theme of such a picture is indicated by Father Antonio Messineo, a distinguished Jesuit, writing in the church magazine, *La Civilta Cattolica*.

"Against the degraded criminal," he writes, "the death penalty is a surer safeguard than is prolonged imprisonment. The Church supports the state where the death penalty is necessary. One man's right to live cannot conflict with other people's right to live. Christianity has given value to human beings, and has made moral law superior to any physical life. The physical life of any person who has degraded his soul through crime, who has placed himself against social order and the collective good, must be subordinate to the moral law."

In such a film there is a significant role for Marlon Brando. As Chessman he can delineate the pathological liar who so easily confuses the well-intentioned "boobs." He can portray, for all the world to understand, the psychopath who satisfies his hate by lurking in darkness and degrading an innocent personality.

Chessman was not the first, and will not be the last, people-hater whose cause is to "out-slick" and "out-tough" the "chumps." Brando, as Chessman, could assist all humane societies to recognize their hater, their degrader, their would-be destroyer.

The heroines of this film would be Mary Alice Meza and Regina Johnson, courageous, unselfish women who, after being degraded, sacrificed themselves in the hope of protecting others. Two heroes could be Officers Reardon and May, "plain, ordinary" Americans who at a moment when Chessman was threatening the lives of many innocent people, risked their own lives without hesitation as they crashed their car into the psychopath.

There is indeed a great picture here. I hope Hollywood doesn't miss it.

Now that Chessman is gone, his "humanitarian" advocates should turn to Adolf Eichmann. He's a human being who wants to live, yet the people of Israel spent 15 years "torturing" him with relentless trackdown. As this is written, they have him on that Death Row which Chessman found "so obscene, so barbaric"; and the Israelis seem determined to impose on him that "institutional death" which Steve Allen finds so "obscene, so revengeful, so senseless."

All the legal technicalities favor Eichmann. The state of Israel arrested him illegally in Argentina, abducted him in clear violation of international law, and now proposes to try him for crimes against a state which didn't exist when he allegedly committed his crimes.

There is a name for illegal killing by an outraged people: lynching. Are the "humanitarians" of the earth going to remain silent in 1961 and thereby approve a lynching?

The human factors in Eichmann's case are far more insistent than in Chessman's case. Not even the Israelis dispute that Eichmann may have "matured" since 1945. He's been a devoted father and husband. He hasn't hurt anybody. There seems little reason to fear that he *would* hurt anybody if allowed to live and remain free.

Moreover, there is no evidence that Eichmann, *in person*, ever hurt anybody. He's accused of performing what he calls his duty: of being an enthusiastic cog in the Nazi machine which degraded and murdered Jews in Auschwitz and Belsen and Dachau.

Whether Eichmann deserves death is not the point with "humanitarians" who oppose capital punishment. Their point is that by imposing "revengeful, institutional death," the community of Israel will degrade itself.

It's a point I'll leave to the "humanitarians." The Israelis, using only moral law, can hang Eichmann to an olive tree without disturbing my sleep.

I saw his victims.

Of Chessman's two victims, my readers will have noted that I have "neglected" Mrs. Regina Johnson while "concentrating" on Mary Alice Meza. I have omitted Mrs. Johnson's present address; I have avoided physical description; I have used her name as it is in the trial record.

This is deliberate and humanitarian.

Despite years of being hunted by reporters at each new Chessman development, despite being slandered by Chessman's advocates; Mrs. Johnson has retained her sanity. She has suffered adversities, including the death of her husband, but she has fought successfully to restore her privacy.

"For twelve years," she said, "I never had one good, secure night's sleep. The night after Chessman was executed I slept well, and I hope no one ever mentions Chessman to me again."

Mrs. Johnson has changed her name by marrying again, she has moved to another community, and she hopes that her new neighbors never learn that she is one of the women "Chessman did all that to."

Tragedy overtook Mrs. Johnson's friend, Jarnigan Lea, who was the most effective witness in identifying Chessman. He was killed several years ago when, as he stood behind a bakery truck in front of his home, a parked car broke loose above him, sped noiselessly down the hill, and crushed him against the truck.

I report Mary Alice Meza's present address and condition only because she is beyond being hurt by publicity.

Mary Alice lives in a crowded ward with older women. Every possible square inch of the room is filled with single beds which are separated by small tables on which the patients keep their cosmetics. Even the space which normally would be an aisle is used for beds set lengthwise, with the table back of each bed.

Mary Alice is kept with older women because her malady is abnormal fear, and doctors believe she feels more secure with the older women.

Once each month her mother takes her out of the institution to dinner. Mary Alice seldom speaks, but she reads letters from her mother and she looks forward to these monthly outings. She dresses well, and is waiting to go to dinner when her mother arrives. She can feed herself and attracts little attention in a public restaurant.

Did she know when Chessman was executed? Camarillo has TV and radio and newspapers, and doctors and nurses, as well as articulate fellow patients, are certain that she knew. She slept well the night Chessman died, and next day she wrote her mother the first letter she had written in two years. She didn't mention Chessman: she was just feeling better, more secure.

One of the strangest actions by Chessman's defenders was to persuade a psychiatrist who had never examined Mary Alice to publish the opinion that "Miss Meza, at some point in her life, probably would have broken down mentally in any case. The encounter with Caryl Chessman was only the particular trauma which caused the breakthrough."

What sort of people can take comfort from that statement? That Chessman shouldn't be judged too harshly because, had *he* not driven the girl out of her mind, she might have been driven out of her mind by some other "trauma?"

I discussed this at Camarillo with the superintendent, Dr. Garrett, and his associate, Dr. Nash.

"No man can properly make such a diagnosis," Dr. Garrett said. "Who can say what Mary Alice Meza might have endured and still retained control of her mental faculties? She suffered a severe emotional trauma, and had she not suffered it, she might have lived out her life without serious mental disturbance."

"Every human being has a breaking point," Dr. Nash added. "It varies with individuals, and none of us can predict it accurately. When this girl came here in 1949 she was definitely withdrawn, but she was able to tell the interviewer all that had happened to her. Since the sexual act forced on her was one of having to do *fellatio,* the rash about her mouth was to be expected. Had this attack not been made on her in this particular manner and at this particular time in her development, she might have lived a normal life."

I have quoted already the signed statement of the pediatrician who examined Mary Alice regularly from the age of nine months and found her "a normally adjusted child physically and psychologically."

"I'm not a Catholic," I told the doctors, "so I'd like your opinion as to whether Mary Alice's being reared a Catholic and being educated in parochial schools—whether this could have been a factor in her reaction to Chessman's sexual abuse? Would a girl with such a background be more or less likely to lose her mind from such an attack?"

"I am a Catholic," Dr. Nash said. "I doubt that a Catholic background makes a girl less able to recover from such a shock. In some cases I'd predict that a girl or woman with a Catholic background might even more readily recover. I'd predict that most of the nuns, young and middle-aged, who were gang-raped in the Congo will make strong recoveries and will suffer little mental after-effect."

"But those are nuns," I said, "and they've been conditioned against savage attack: they associate it with martyrdom. All Catholic women are not so conditioned, are they?"

"No," Dr. Nash replied. "But a Catholic girl is no less prepared psychologically against savage attack than is the girl of any other religious background."

As I prepared to leave Camarillo, I asked the doctors:

"What are Mary Alice's chances of ever resuming a normal life?"

"We never predict failure here," Dr. Nash replied. "Our job is to treat sick people and return them to society. We are proud of our percentage of restorations; and we are pleased that most Americans are coming to realize that mental disorder is as susceptible to treatment as physical disorder. She's a very sick girl, but we haven't given up hope."

Dr. Garrett tempered the hope.

"It's true that we never give up hope," he said. "But in the case of Miss Meza we must admit reluctantly that we have less reason to hope than in many other cases."

As I walked to the car and drove away from the hospital, with its 6,300 patients, I made one concession to Chessman's supporters. It's true, as they contend, that Chessman "never killed anybody." He didn't kill Mary Alice Meza. He only robbed her.

On a night when she was 17 he lay in wait for her and robbed her of her mind, her personality, and her future. •

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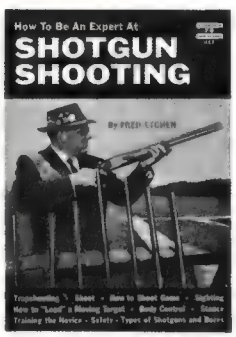

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OUR NAVY'S GREATEST DRY-RUN

Continued from page 46

the course line to 150 true. The line stretched eight miles seaward of Point Arguello.

Recalling Watson's words, Blodgett went over his figures once more, making sure he was right. Once past Point Arguello the squadron would make a sharp turn to port to hit the 20-mile wide Santa Barbara Channel.

Blodgett was aware of the *Cuba's* plight on the rocks of San Miguel to the right of the channel entrance. In his mind's eye he could see Squadron 11 bearing down on San Miguel. Perhaps, he mused, it would be better to run a bit closer to the mainland. . .

At six p.m., Radioman Falls at Arlight Station stood up and stretched, lit a cigarette and grinned at his relief operator, Frank H. Hamilton, who was just coming on duty.

"You're gonna have your hands full tonight, dad," Falls said. "The air waves are really jumpin' with traffic about the *Cuba* grounding!"

"Great," Hamilton yawned. "Anything else hanging?"

"Yeah—Squadron 11 is coming down the coast. They'll pass here about nine o'clock."

At 6:15, Hamilton was contacted by the *Delphy* radioman, requesting a new bearing from Arguello. Hamilton rotated the antenna knob, listened for the null, noted the bearing and reported. "Your bearing is three-three-one, *Delphy*."

"You sure of that?" the *Delphy* called back.

"Come in and have a look," Hamilton snapped, mashing out his cigarette.

Blodgett nervously studied his chart, laying out the new bearing line. Somewhere he was wrong. He mopped his face with his handkerchief, shut his eyes. He saw a vision of San Miguel Island dead ahead, giant rocks gripping the *Cuba's* hull.

"Call Arguello back," he told his radioman. "I want to be damn sure this time."

One line of position was not enough, Blodgett knew. He needed two lines to intersect to find the point in all that white milkiness where Squadron 11 now was knifing through the sea. His dead reckoning gave him one base line, computed from time, speed and heading. But there was a variable—that heavy sea. . .

If he could rely on the wireless bearings, Blodgett thought, he'd have a good crossplot, an intersection to show how far down the dead reckoning base line the squadron had moved. Shortly, his radioman got a second, and disturbing, bearing of 320 degrees from the Arlight Station. At 8:45 Blodgett emptied his ashtray, picked up a slip of paper and scribbled:

"Change course at twenty-one hundred to naught-nine-five degrees true."

He passed the note to the helmsman and went below to the wardroom. He felt better, now that he'd made his decision. By turning east, Squadron 11 should "thread the needle" of Santa Barbara Channel right down the middle.

He poured coffee and pushed from his mind one gnawing doubt—that the Arlight station bearing of 320 degrees, reported at 8:32 p.m., might have been right. Blodgett had ignored that bearing, in the belief that Hamilton had been wrong, just as Falls had in first reporting the reciprocal bearing. It was the only way Blodgett could justify other elements of his dead reckoning procedure.

Behind the *Delphy*, the other six destroyers of the squadron followed blindly. At 9 o'clock, the *Delphy's* helmsman swung the wheel hard to port, until the compass steadied down at 095.

Commander W. H. Toaz of the *S. P. Lee*, the next in line, strode into the ship's charthouse, examined the chart with his navigator and was satisfied they were heading down the middle of Santa Barbara Channel. He returned to the bridge.

At that exact moment Commander W. L. "Wild Bill" Calhoun, skipper of the next destroyer, the *Young*, stepped from the wardroom head, lit a cigarette and stopped to chat with Lieutenants F. L. Baker and F. C. Sache and Ensign J. G. Barrow.

At 9:02 the *Young's* deck officer called down the voice tube, "Captain, the *Delphy* has changed course 90 degrees left!" Calhoun frowned, went for his pea coat and started for topside.

Officers aboard the following destroyers could not see the *Delphy* through the fog. Her running lights were indistinguishable. Only a fluorescent wake showed.

Disaster struck at exactly 9:05!

First the *Delphy* felt it. A series of violent bumps, and then the great crash when the destroyer lurched onto the rocks, tearing out her guts.

With the shock, Blodgett dropped his coffee cup and was thrown to the wardroom floor. He scrambled to his feet, raced for the radioroom. "Warn all ships to clear to the westward!" he screamed.

It was too late. Toaz, on the *S. P. Lee*, was amazed to see his vessel suddenly overtake the *Delphy*. Beside him, Captain R. Morris, commander of Division 33, snapped quickly, "Back full stern!" Toaz grabbed for the whistle cord and yanked hard, four times, then blew a shrieking blast on the siren.

Forty seconds later the *S. P. Lee*, her screws churning vainly against the ship's momentum, piled up on the rocks.

Calhoun, on the *Young*, felt the ship's hull split as he started up the ladder from the wardroom. He swore, raced for the bridge and cried to his executive officer, "Sound general alarm! Pass the word to abandon ship!"

Within 40 seconds the *Young* had heeled over 45 degrees to starboard. Calhoun groped his way up the canted bridge to the depth charge release gear and hung on, staring incredulously at the scene about him.

As if drawn by an invisible magnet, the other destroyers piled into the rocks, one after the other.

Calhoun watched the *Woodbury* crunch into a rocky saddle and become hopelessly wedged.

Lieutenant Commander H. O. Roesch of the *Nicholas* felt the starboard propeller shaft buckle as his ship hit a submerged reef. Ordering full power on the left engine and full left rudder, Roesch attempted to rock the *Nicholas* from her perch. But sea water already was rushing into both engine rooms, flooding the aft fire room with steam.

Lieutenant Commander W. D. Seed of the *Fuller* saw the trouble ahead in time to order full steam astern. But the *Fuller's* headway was too great, and she too plunged into the graveyard of ships after grazing another destroyer, the *Farragut*. Seed felt the bottom of the hull being hammered open. The *Fuller* listed 35 degrees to starboard, until her rail was awash.

Lieutenant Commander R. H. Booth, the *Chauncey's* skipper, suddenly aware of disaster, also reversed his screws. The *Chauncey* lumbered forward and finally stopped, close by the foundered *Young*. Slowly she moved into reverse until a giant sea slammed her hull against the *Young's* screws. The blades bit savagely into the engineroom bulkhead, and water flooded in, cutting off all power. Slowly the current swung her bow broadside, forcing the *Chauncey* still higher on the jagged rocks. Booth ordered all hands to abandon ship.

As quickly as disaster had struck, it was all over at 9:20. It would be a long time before the full impact would set in—no one yet knew the whole story—that the U. S. Navy's worst peacetime disaster had taken place in those few incredible minutes.

Once-proud Squadron 11—$10,500,000 worth of fighting ships—lay paralyzed with the agonies of death still to come.

Blodgett could think of only one thing—his navigation had led the squadron headlong onto San Miguel Island. Or had it? No matter now—there was much to do. Each of the hundreds of men of the squadron, through long training, would face this tragedy in his own way.

On the *Delphy*, Commander Hunter struggled aft, where he heard the screams of dying men. He found Ray Rhodehamel, engineman second class, dangling at the end of a rope and trying to rescue drowning men from the savage waters.

The *Delphy's* chief electrician, W. J. Eckenberg, gripped Hunter's arm and shouted, "Sir, I think I can swim a line to those rocks over there."

"I wouldn't risk it," Hunter replied, but Eckenberg turned and dived from the slippery deck before Hunter could stop him.

Hunter prayed silently as the sailor struggled through the foam between the capsizing ship and the rocks, until he saw the man crawl from the sea and make the line fast. As the ground swells pushed and pulled the *Delphy's* hull over the rocks, Hunter heard her plates creaking and knew she would break in two at any moment.

One by one, the *Delphy* crewmen made their way to the rocks over the line, until it had the appearance of a grotesque backyard clothesline with long underwear dancing in a breeze. As the ship rolled back and forth the line alternately slackened and tightened.

Hunter felt a huge wave slam the side of the *Delphy* and cried, "Look out!"

He watched the line tighten, snapping two men into the boiling water. Hunter watched helplessly as the sea swallowed them. Then Fireman J. T. Pearson slipped into the sea, his body covered with fuel oil. Eckenberg, swinging in a bosun's chair, managed to grasp an arm as he washed by and pulled Pearson to safety.

On deck, Pearson could not stand. He had swallowed a quantity of oil and lay coughing and retching. Hunter knew the only means of escape was over the lifeline but that in his condition it would be suicide for Pearson to attempt it.

Hunter turned to Eckenberg. "Lash him to the forward mast," he said. "We must leave him in God's hands."

Hunter and Captain Watson stopped briefly and looked at Pearson before they left the *Delphy*. "We'll be back for you," Watson said.

Pearson smiled weakly and shook his head. "No time," he said, coughing violently. "Get the hell off her, sir!"

Hand over hand the officers made their precarious way to the rocks on shore, leaving behind their stricken ship and a man they knew was doomed to die.

A moment later the *Delphy* heaved upward on a giant wave, poised momentarily and then crashed down on the rocks, her back broken. Through the swirling fog the men watched Pearson's oil-blackened body slide beneath the waves.

Calhoun, clinging to the *Young's* bridge, realized as the *Chauncey* lumbered close by that many of his crew would be trapped below decks, so fast was she heeling over.

Through the darkness he could hear the cries of the men struggling to gain the port side of the hull. Calhoun groped his way up the slippery hull as the *Young* finally came to rest on her side. "Stick with the ship!" he cried. "Do not jump!"

About him he could make out figures scampering over the hull like giant rats. Some leaped into the sea and disappeared. Others obeyed the commander and hung on.

Below decks, Fireman First Class J. T. Scott groped his way to shut off the master oil burner valve. His fingers gripped the valve wheel, but at that moment the swirling water rose above his mouth and he let go. He held his breath and swam from the engineroom and somehow made his way topside. Behind

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him, Scott knew, more than a dozen of his buddies were entombed.

The first of the 770 men and officers to survive the disaster began making their way ashore at 9:30, just 10 minutes after the last ship went aground.

At that moment the lonely whistle of a Southern Pacific freight train sounded above the roar of the breakers. For the first time the destroyer crews realized with consternation that they'd crashed headlong into the California mainland, not San Miguel Island. Wet and shivering, they stumbled onto the beach, many in their underwear, their feet bleeding from clambering over barnacle-covered rocks.

Two miles to the south, George T. Olsen, keeper of the Arguello light, heard the cries of five men in a life raft. With two helpers, Olsen tossed a rope to the survivors and pulled them to shore.

Offshore, those ships which had narrowly avoided disaster dropped anchor to wait for dawn. The destroyers *Somers, Farragut* and *Marcus* had had their hulls raked but were still afloat.

Nearby, Captain George Noceti of the fishing boat *Bueno Amor de Roma* hung his nets over the rail and called to swimming sailors to climb aboard. More than 150 men owed their lives to Noceti.

By now, the outside world was getting the first word of the catastrophe. Lightkeeper Olsen cranked the handle on the party line telephone after interviewing the five sailors from the *Young* he had rescued.

A few miles up the coast, Olsen raised City Marshal W. S. Bland of Lompoc and told him a destroyer had gone aground at Pedernales Point. Bland and three fellow townsmen piled coils of rope and a lantern into Bland's car and raced for the Southern Pacific Railroad station at Surf. There two employes rolled out a gasoline-engine powered track-car, and all six men roared down the right of way. At one point on the wild six-mile ride, a locomotive headlight pierced the fog just in time for them to lift their car off the tracks as a freight train roared by.

At Honda Station, Bland's party left the track-car and raced on foot for the rocks of Pedernales Point. What they saw made them stop suddenly and gasp. Rocket flares bursting overhead threw a weird light over a scene of horror.

Close to shore destroyer 310, the *S. P. Lee*, tilted crazily on the rocks. Through the mist they could see two other vessels nearby and farther out a third one. They were the *Delphy*, the *Young* and the *Chauncey*. The others were not visible.

Bland stared in disbelief at the scene below him; then turned to the others and said: "We'd better get back to the section house and bring down some railroad ties. We need a bonfire—and a damn big one!"

A haggard figure staggered toward them from the edge of the cliff. It was Captain Robert Morris from the *S. P. Lee*. He was apparently in shock. "I'm looking for my men," he said, breathing heavily. "Have you seen my men?"

Bland took his arm. "Come on," he said. "We're going to build a fire. You could stand drying out."

"Have to go find my men," Morris mumbled. He lurched off, across the cliff top and disappeared into the fog.

At the section house, Bland telephoned Lompoc and got Drs. M. S. Kelliher and L. E. Heiges out of bed.

"Get down here quick," he snapped. "We've got several hundred men shipwrecked here . . . that's what I said—hundreds."

By midnight, the stream of survivors crawling up the steep cliff from the shore became a steady parade of men with cut hands and feet, burned bodies, broken limbs. The worst sufferers were put aboard a flagged-down Southern Pacific train for the 60-mile trip to Santa Barbara.

At the Honda Station section house, two telephones were pressed into emergency service. While Mexican section hands made hot coffee for the hundreds of sailors gathering there, details of the tragedy began moving over the wires.

By dawn, the countryside was alerted. Scores of Lompoc townsfolk and nearby ranchers brought food and blankets. The sailors from the four closest wrecked ships, who had saved nothing but their skins, tried to make light of their misfortune until the first light brought a new shock.

"I'll be damned!" a young gob whistled. "Look out there."

The lifting fog revealed three more wrecked ships—the *Nicholas*, the *Woodbury* and the *Fuller*. The *Nicholas* lay beyond the *S. P. Lee;* the other two had piled up on Saddle Rock, a half mile offshore.

Through Sunday, lines were rigged from ship to ship and one by one the men who had spent the night stranded on their vessels were brought ashore via breeches buoy.

Farther offshore, the sirens of the remaining vessels of the ill-fated group of destroyers wailed as if in sympathy.

By 5 p.m. the most seriously injured had been sent to hospitals and the bodies of the dead loaded aboard baggage cars for the trip to the morgue at Santa Barbara. The dead totalled 22. The survivors climbed aboard a special train for San Diego.

Blodgett, wrapped in a blanket, stared out at the gathering dusk and felt anger tighten the muscles of his jaw. He knew there would be an official investigation, public clamor to fix the blame. Certainly he had done everything possible to navigate the squadron safely into Santa Barbara Channel. He shut his eyes and fought back welling tears.

The Navy takes care of its own kind. In the disaster at Pedernales Point, every man had faced death bravely. But the newspapers were out for blood, and heroism was no substitute for the story they wanted—the story of why the impossible disaster happened.

Admiral Robert E. Koontz, commander in chief of the Pacific Battle Fleet, knew how to handle the press—conduct your own investigation behind closed doors and tell them nothing.

Koontz called on a veteran naval officer, Rear Admiral William V. Pratt, to head the board of inquiry, and assigned Captains George C. Day and David F. Sellers to sit through the hearings with him.

"I'm leaving for Los Angeles to arrange a Navy Day program," he told Pratt. "I'm taking the *U. S. S. Seattle* up there. It's a good time to show them we're still in business."

News of the closed hearing irritated the press and reporters went snooping to find out what the secret was.

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Wind of the story came five days after the disaster when the city desk phone jangled at the *Los Angeles Times*. It was the paper's San Diego correspondent, and he was excited.

"I found three more damaged destroyers in drydock!" he yelled. "That's right—the *Farragut, Somers* and *Marcus*. They weren't listed in the official arrival sheet the Navy puts out."

Bud Lewis, the night editor, whistled. This was the story he had known was there—or at least a big part of it. The Navy was keeping plenty of information secret, information the public had a right to know. He called his telephone operator.

"Get me Navy Secretary Denby in Washington," he snapped.

Divers with crowbars were removing the last of the bodies from the overturned *Young* at Pedernales Point when Denby got Rear Admiral Pratt on the phone.

"I'm ordering you to immediately open the inquiry to the public," Denby's voice said coldly. "And I want a full report as to why the report of damage to the *Farragut, Somers* and *Marcus* was held up three days and then sent to the wrong bureau."

Pratt, still smarting from Denby's call, summoned Blodgett, the *Delphy's* navigator, as the 13th witness, a numerical fact the papers did not miss.

"Why was it," Pratt questioned, "that you attached no weight to the radio compass signals from Point Arguello?"

Blodgett answered without hesitation, "They kept giving our position north and west of Arguello. When we could not make this check with our figures, we finally took the reciprocal of their bearings, which put us in Santa Barbara Channel. We were satisfied the radio compass at Arguello was wrong."

Pratt's hands tightened and his voice become brittle. "Before you go any further, Mister Blodgett, it is my duty to name you as a defendant in this case."

Falls and Hamilton from the Arlight wireless station followed Blodgett to the witness stand, and then came Commander Hunter.

"What is your opinion, sir?" Pratt asked.

Hunter answered directly: "It was an error in judgment on my part, but there were complications I must explain. Our navigation was complicated by four elements—an unusual northerly current, the bilateral compass at Arguello, possible magnetic disturbances from the solar eclipse and seismic waves from the Japanese earthquake."

Pratt coughed politely and did not smile. There was trouble ahead for the Navy, bad trouble, he knew.

The trouble came in explosive suddenness when, after reviewing the board of inquiry testimony, Denby ordered a full courtmartial of the officers of Squadron 11 before Vice Admiral Henry A. Wiley. Heads were going to roll, it was clear, but who was to be the scapegoat?

On November 1, Pratt's findings were made public. The report was no whitewash. The words, in fact, were biting.

"The *Delphy*," said the report, "without a proper navigation fix, turned sharply and blindly to the left . . . at a point less than a mile and a half off Pedernales Point. . .

"At this time, or within the next minute or two, and only at this time, could disaster have been avoided by the ships following the *Delphy*. . .

"The *Delphy* up to this point had not indicated her intention to turn, her speed was too high, the officers responsible for her safety were too obsessed with the idea that they were south of Arguello Light and the distance to the rocks was too short. . ."

In conclusion, Pratt's report added that "nothing can replace the use of common sense on the part of the subordinate"—a clear recommendation that follow-the-leader tactics were out.

He added, "Had Nelson at Cape Vincent blindly followed the leader, John Jarvis would never have gained the victory which he did. Had Nelson obeyed Parker, Copenhagen would not have been the monument to the British Navy that is. . ."

There remained only for the general court to place the guilt. Of 11 officers of Squadron 11 who were tried, two were held to blame.

Captain Watson, the court held, was guilty of unskillful navigation. Despite his 29 years of blameless service and despite praise for his action in assuming the blame, it cost him 150 points on his record and a shift to new duty as assistant commandant of the 14th Naval District in Honolulu.

Lieutenant Commander Hunter, skipper of the *Delphy*, absorbed his share of the punishment—a 100-number bump down the promotion list.

In Lieutenant Blodgett's case, the general court was lenient. For the young officer, the bitter memory of the foggy night would be retribution enough. The Navy's concern primarily was with those in command. Blodgett went scot-free.

Thirty-seven years later, on July 19, 1960, the southern California coast was again the scene of a naval disaster which, while only two ships were involved, did parallel the wrecking of Squadron 11 in several respects. Knifing through dense fog 30 miles south of Los Angeles, the destroyers *Ammen* and *Collett* collided eight miles off shore with 11 sailors killed and 6 injured. Just as the then "new-fangled" radio fixes failed to prevent the 1923 disaster, the two World War II destroyers crashed in spite of radar devices.

Commander Zaven Mukhalian of the *Ammen*, whose ship was ripped on the port side from midship to stern by the *Collett*, said that when the *Ammen* first picked up the radar signal of the *Collett* about half an hour before the crash she was on the *Ammen's* starboard bow. Then he added, "It takes time for the radar man to interpret plots."

The *Collett*, whose bow was folded back by the crash and three of whose crew were injured, limped into Long Beach under her own power. The *Ammen*, which suffered the rest of the casualties, was towed into the same port. And as it was, people began to remember the other time. . . . •

THE TOUGHEST MAN IN BOXING

Continued from page 38

and all the other assistant D.A.s thought that Bonomi was insane to get involved with teen-age crime. There was no percentage in it. Such cases rarely attracted attention, pulled few headlines. But Bonomi wanted to find out for himself why teen-agers get into trouble, to see if they could be helped before they became professional hoods. He soon became one of the recognized authorities on the switch-blade and zip gun set.

He did so well with the teen-agers that Hogan shifted him to the Rackets Bureau in July 1957. That bureau is Hogan's pride and joy, for it handles the unceasing drive against organized crime. It usually draws upon the best investigators of the D.A.'s squad, an elite force of New York City detectives on loan from the regular Police Department. It was a choice assignment. It was the big leagues in the biggest city in the world.

His first job was to serve as co-counsel in prosecuting the difficult extortion case against John Dioguardi, a nationally notorious labor racketeer better known as Johnny Dio. Bonomi worked with Assistant D.A. Alvin Goldstein, a Rackets Bureau veteran who later headed up Governor Pat Brown's probe of Mafia activities in California. It was a tricky case, for Dio was cunning and he was represented by one of the highest-priced criminal lawyers in the East. Veteran courthouse reporters joked about the fact that the hoodlum's counsel would get more for this one trial than Bonomi and Goldstein combined would earn in two years.

Johnny Dio was convicted.

But even before the case was finished, Bonomi was thinking about which racketeers he'd go after next. To avoid starting cold, he began checking transcripts of the wire taps made under court order during the long, painstaking investigation of Dio's shakedown operation. Two senior gangland figures frequently in contact with Dio were characters known to city, state and federal gumshoes as "Tony Ducks" and "Jimmy Doyle." Anthony Corallo, who'd picked up the "Ducks" handle for his talent in avoiding the law when sought, and James Plumieri, who called himself "Doyle" although he was Dio's uncle, were very big fish among the sharks dominating the bloody New York underworld.

The taps showed that "Ducks" and "Doyle" were involved in many activities, including boxing. Since the authorities hadn't had much success in nailing either of them for labor racketeering or other crimes, Bonomi suggested that they might be hooked by a thorough probe of their illegal interests in the professional fight game. The taps clearly indicated that they were involved secretly in both ownership of boxers and fight promotions. Dan Parker, the N.Y. *Daily Mirror's* witty and well-informed sports columnist, had recently mentioned an obscure statute punishing individuals who served as either undercover managers or undercover match-makers. Bonomi argued that this little-known law could be used to cut "Doyle" and "Ducks" down to size.

At first, almost nobody in the Rackets Bureau took Bonomi's idea very seriously. It seemed preposterous to go after such top mobsters for an offense that was only a misdemeanor under a rarely-used law. "Capone went up on a tax rap instead of a murder charge," Bonomi pointed out quietly, "but it did the job. It took him out."

There was still little enthusiasm for the scheme. Under the leadership of Chief Assistant D.A. Alfred Scotti, the Rackets Bureau had built up a superb record in battling every form of organized crime—except underworld control of boxing. Two diligent post-war investigations had produced no substantial results, and there seemed to be no serious reason to believe that Bonomi's radical approach would pay off any better. It was the longest of long shots.

The failure to boot the hoods out of boxing had been rankling in Frank Hogan's Hibernian craw for a long time, however. He was still bitter about the way Frankie Carbo, Prohibition era pistolero and unchallenged terror of U.S. boxing, defied every probe and legal attack. Everyone knew that Paul John "Frankie" Carbo dominated the American fight ring, but his reputation was such that nobody would even admit knowing him. Very few people would mention his name. Not a single wire tap in years had produced the slightest reference to this feared mobster. He'd scared everybody. It was like the old days when even doctors wouldn't say "cancer," just as if the word itself could kill.

While there was no basis to hope that a fairly new member of the Rackets Bureau could bring in the hated, dreaded Carbo, Hogan was still sufficiently steamed up about the boxing mess to take a chance on Jack Bonomi's odd-ball scheme.

"Take a month or two and see what you can find," he told Jack in late 1957.

Bonomi secured court orders to listen to the phones of "Ducks" and "Doyle," and a small squad of investigators began "sitting on their wires." The eavesdroppers were carefully selected. Bonomi picked detectives who spoke fluent Italian. He wasn't taking any chances of missing a phrase, a word, in case the hoods switched suddenly from English, as they often did.

The hunt was on.

It developed into one of the biggest, strangest and most sensational cops-and-

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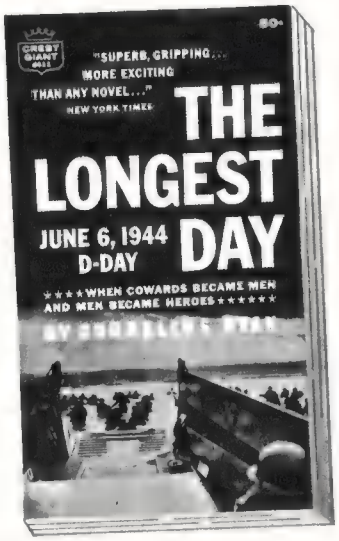
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robbers games in American history.

And it got off to a slow, miserable, disappointing start.

The men listening to "Ducks" and "Doyle" made little progress in proving their importance in boxing, so additional court orders for more wire taps were secured by stubborn Jack Bonomi. He began to monitor the conversations of their buddies. He sensed that "Ducks" and "Doyle" were not themselves the top men, and he hoped to track down whoever it was who ran the fight racket. He had no idea who it was, but he was sure that it was somebody big.

"It had to be," he told Kefauver later. "The taps showed that this was a coast-to-coast operation. This combine was busy in every major city where important fights took place. That was unusual. Ordinarily, a hood runs a racket in his home town. That's all. Here I could smell that somebody was bossing shady fight operations all over the country. He told important underworld figures in a dozen cities what to do, and nobody argued. He had to be a top guy to rate that sort of cooperation."

At that point, Bonomi's thinking began to shift slowly from a general anti-racketeering drive to a plan "to get a top hood." "It almost never happens, Jack," one sympathetic detective warned. "These big fellas are usually so insulated from any law-enforcement investigation by layers of stooges who do the actual dirty work that it's impossible to reach the brain at the top."

"We're going to nail this one," Bonomi replied, "if we organize our investigation carefully—and if we're lucky. But I'm not going to count on getting lucky."

He expanded the taps to include Jimmy White, Denver and Miami matchmaker, and Herman "Hymie the Mink" Wallman, a rotund Manhattan furrier who appeared to own a surprising number of the fighters who appeared on TV bouts. Additional investigators "sat on the wires" of a dozen other suspected allies of the mysterious Mr. Big. Night after night, Bonomi pored over the lengthy transcripts of the conversations. There were thousands of pages to read, to search for some single clue to the identity of the shadowy, senior criminal who was master-minding underworld control of U.S. boxing.

He found no definite lead.

They all talked in code, an informal shorthand designed to confuse any tappers. They mentioned lots of names, but always grew clever when making reference to Mr. Big. They spoke glibly of "The Uncle," "the Ambassador," "the Superintendent" or simply "She." It could be anyone—who was a senior racketeer with national connections.

Bonomi took the code names and began asking questions. Some old hands in the D.A.'s office searched into their memories, puzzled and remembered that a lot of hoods referred to Frank Costello as "the Uncle." Costello had allies in Cleveland, Miami, Chicago, Las Vegas and Los Angeles. He was one of the best known underworld leaders in America. He appeared to fit the bill.

Bonomi wasn't satisfied. It wasn't quite right. Costello was influential, but he was basically an organizer and fixer for large gambling operations. "The Uncle" had to be a much-feared assassin who could command unhesitating obedience. He was a brain, but also an enforcer. He was a mobster who wouldn't think twice about violence and sudden death. That wasn't the way Frank Costello did business in 1957.

Bonomi started to wonder about Frankie Carbo. Carbo once had the name of a master gunman, the reputation of being gangland's top pistol for hire. According to sworn testimony from a senior executive in Murder, Inc., "Buggsy" Siegel had personally selected Carbo to blast a highly dangerous stool pigeon who'd threatened to betray Louis "Lepke" Buchalter to the F.B.I. Since "Lepke" was then one of the three most powerful gang lords in the U.S.A., only a well-blooded killer would have been picked for the "hit."

Bonomi realized that Carbo's record and known interest in boxing fitted the description of "Mr. Big," but he didn't dare tell Hogan until he was absolutely sure. Too many other investigators had looked foolish trying to nail the elusive Carbo. Some specific link was needed.

At that moment, two unidentified killers walked into the barbershop of a Manhattan hotel and chopped down Albert "Lord High Executioner" Anastasia. All hell broke loose on both sides of the law. A dozen suspects were sought by frantic New York police, who also sent word to "Hymie the Mink" Wallman that they wanted to talk to his friend, Mr. Carbo. It was up to "The Mink" to pass the message along.

And then it happened.

Grumbling to a racket-wise pal, "Hymie the Mink" complained that the cops were looking for "The Uncle" in connection with the Anastasia blast and wanted the furrier-fight manager to so notify "The Uncle." Bonomi's large square face cracked into a wide grin as he studied the transcript. He took off the horn-rimmed glasses that he wears only for reading, lit a 25-cent cigar that he'd been saving for after dinner and took a long, satisfying drag of fine Havana.

It was Frankie Carbo after all.

District Attorney Hogan was going to be very pleased.

Bonomi went over a heap of tap transcripts again, checking them against surveillance reports turned in by detectives who'd been trailing half a dozen key boxing figures in recent weeks. All of a sudden, things started to fall into place. A fight manager had mumbled that he was going to meet "The Ambassador," and he'd been seen an hour later having lunch with Carbo at an expensive Polynesian restaurant. A mobster had boasted that he'd be spending the weekend with "The Superintendent," and he'd boarded a plane for Miami where Carbo owns an impressive home. A boxing promoter nervously mentioned that "Mr. Grey" had invited him to a party, and he'd been followed to a mid-Manhattan night club where Carbo was entertaining a clique of deferential cronies that night.

"Mr. Grey" was mentioned several times. Jack Bonomi began rechecking with every detective he could find, and finally located two who'd heard that the prematurely silver-thatched Carbo was known as "Mr. Grey." The identification of Mr. Big was now definite, and Jack Bonomi so notified his boss. Hogan, an immensely charming but strangely taciturn man, sent back an answer that was short and sweet. "Get him. Stay with him until we can get an indictment."

It hadn't been too easy for Jack Bonomi to get all the manpower he needed for tapping and tailing, since the Rackets Bureau and other branches of the D.A.'s office were pursuing many other investigations that were also important. Now things changed. It was Carbo whom Bonomi was stalking through the jungle of the American fight racket. The "Old Man" upstairs wanted to nail Carbo, wanted to remind the underworld that there was no hood big enough to defy New York City law enforcement. Bonomi was assigned more investigators until his team numbered more than 30 crack detectives.

There was plenty of evidence of shady activities in boxing, but Jack Bonomi still had no proof to support an indictment of Frankie Carbo. He didn't even possess any solid link tying Carbo to the wheelings and dealings and grimy maneuverings of the individuals whose phones were being monitored. Bonomi had never seen a single transcript in which Carbo was listed as a speaker. The reasons were now obvious. An experienced professional criminal well versed in the ways of law enforcement agencies, Carbo was too cunning ever to use the phone himself. Or was he?

Bonomi couldn't be sure. He'd only read the transcripts. He'd never listened to the taps himself. He called for the actual tapes, began playing them by the mile. After hours, he heard what he'd been hoping and praying for. On several tapes, it was clear that somebody was standing very close to one of the people talking. That "somebody" was telling him what to ask, what to say. That "somebody," who was too cautious to get on the telephone himself, spoke in a guttural hoodlum growl. The voice was audible and distinctive. It was Frankie Carbo.

The tempo of the hunt accelerated. More taps, more tails, more all-night surveillances. Bit by bit, the evidence began to point to an intimate and continuing connection between Carbo's group and the supposedly respectable International Boxing Club. The I.B.C. was the biggest force in prize fighting, and it was ruled by a multi-millionaire named James Norris. He had all sorts of connections in industry, journalism and politics. He'd always denied doing business with Carbo.

"In 1955, Norris and Wallman both testified before the New York State Athletic Commission that they had only a social relation with Carbo," Bonomi told an associate in the D.A.'s office, "and it's now obvious that they perjured them-

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selves before the commission. I'm going to prove it."

He got a court order to tap the wires of the apparently legitimate I.B.C. in Madison Square Garden. These taps, several careful "tails" and other methods that Bonomi still won't discuss for publication hit the jackpot. In February 1958, Jack Bonomi was able to show Hogan convincing proof of the Norris-Carbo cooperation. The D.A. was delighted—and a little astounded. He was angry too, for he had no patience with businessmen who play ball with the underworld.

That same month Bonomi attended a housewarming party at a friend's new apartment. In the midst of the merriment, he excused himself and asked permission to watch a fight on the TV set in the study. The hostess looked at him and shook her head in irritation at his bad manners. After the match was over, Bonomi returned to the noisy living room and quietly tossed two fresh ice cubes into his lukewarm Scotch and soda.

"Business, Jack?" The host asked.

He nodded.

"A fix?"

He nodded again. Then he apologized to the hostess and cheerfully rejoined the party.

Bonomi's taps and newly recruited informers were bringing in valuable information daily, and by March he was ready to haul a number of characters before the Grand Jury. He decided to hit 15 fighters, matchmakers and managers with subpoenas at the same time. He picked the night of March 21 when they'd all be gathered at the Garden for the Logart-Akins match. He had evidence that Carbo actually controlled both pugilists. On the afternoon of the fight, Bonomi gathered 25 detectives for his blitz. He issued subpoenas to 15 of them, plus photographs of the men they were to serve. The others were to help spot the "targets" as they entered the Garden.

That night, the plainclothes detectives watched every entrance to Madison Square Garden as thousands of fight fans poured in eagerly. As each of the select 15 were spotted, an investigator followed him to his seat and maintained a discreet but continuous surveillance from 40 or 50 yards away. At the moment the fight ended, Bonomi's team simultaneously served all the subpoenas. The men who received them were stunned—without exception.

The winner of the fight, Virgil Akins, was served in his dressing room at the instant that State Athletic Commissioner Julius Helfand was congratulating him on his victory. The commissioner looked as if he'd been hit in the face with an overripe heering; he was that startled and surprised. Bonomi had told no one but his own immediate superiors of his plan. Sports writers and the boxing fraternity were equally excited the next morning.

Bonomi wasn't. He had work to do. When he got the witnesses before the Grand Jury, only two would speak freely. The others didn't dare to cross Carbo, who now realized that a young assistant D.A. in Manhattan was on his trail. Bonomi and his boss, Scotti, gave the recalcitrant witnesses a terrific pounding in merciless cross-examination, and produced enough information to cause the Grand Jury to indict Carbo and several associates.

Warned by reports from his allies in New York that Bonomi was moving in for the kill, Carbo had cautiously gone into hiding a few weeks before the July 1958 indictment. He left his Florida home with a well-formed, blonde companion, fleeing down a twisting trail that led to Palm Springs, Calif., Reno, Nev., Rosarita Beach, Mexico, Miami Beach, Fla., Philadelphia, Pa., and Camden, N.J. He was finally captured after a 10-month pursuit on May 31, 1959.

Jack Bonomi was home, washing up before dinner, when his wife called him to the phone at six p.m. He dried his hands, patted the blonde head of his three-year-old daughter, Kathy, and picked up the receiver. Someone in gangland—a person who was generally considered a friend of the fugitive—had sent a message. Carbo was hiding at a certain address in Haddon Township, N. J. Bonomi went into action immediately. He instructed Detective Frank Marrone, one of the best men on the D.A.'s squad, to take off for New Jersey at once to set up a tight stakeout with the help of State Police. Bonomi also alerted four other New York detectives to stand by to follow within the hour.

Then he sat down to eat a hearty dinner. His wife was so excited that she hardly downed a bite, but Bonomi enjoyed the meal thoroughly. His heart was beating faster too, but he kept calm by reminding himself that scores of earlier tips had proved to be false alarms.

The phone rang again. Marrone and the Jersey lawmen had cruised near the house, studied it from across the street. It was the home of Willie Ripka, an ex-con who'd been a busy bootlegger during Prohibition. There was no sign of Carbo. Bonomi decided to play his hunch. He sent the other four cops out to Jersey, told Marrone to move in closer so he could see who was inside the building. With this done, he returned to the table to finish his coffee.

It was a long night, probably the longest in Bonomi's life. Like Hogan, he'd learned to detest Carbo and the corruption he masterminded. As the hours crept away, he began to doubt whether the tip was correct. He was still wondering shortly after midnight when Marrone spotted Carbo through the window. The mobster was watching a late movie on television. So was restless Jack Bonomi 60 miles away. Marrone rang the front doorbell. The portal was opened by a young man later identified as the son-in-law of "Blinky" Palermo, one of boxing's shadiest characters and known henchman of "Mr. Grey." Carbo recognized Marrone as the law instantly. He sprinted to a rear bedroom and climbed out a window. He took two steps into the darkness.

"Stop or we'll shoot!" a New York police lieutenant roared.

Carbo froze, raised his hands shakily. He was handcuffed and driven to the nearest State Police barracks. A phone call started Bonomi across the Hudson, and he met Frankie Carbo face-to-face for the first time at 3:30 a.m. They stared at each other for a long moment before Marrone introduced them.

"Frank Carbo—this is Jack Bonomi," the detective said casually.

"You're the guy from Columbia, ain't you?" Carbo sparred.

Bonomi answered with a knowing question about Carbo's supposedly secret blonde companion. He wanted the mobster to realize that he'd been thoroughly investigated. He wanted to shake Carbo's confidence in his own security system. The racketeer took Bonomi's inquiries coldly with the same blank face he'd turned to a hundred other law enforcement agents in his long criminal career. Then he tried a joke.

"Bonomi? Marrone?" he wise-cracked after he noticed that five of the six members of the N.Y.C. team had Italian names. "Whatsa mattuh? The *paisans* ganging up on me?"

"Yeah, it's the Mafia," one of the detectives snapped sardonically.

Bonomi grinned, shrugged and began the questioning. Carbo was later delivered to Manhattan, where many of the sharpies predicted that he'd beat the rap easily. Carbo had no desire to face another devastating cross-examination from Bonomi. He'd made his own investigation, and he knew that this was one prosecutor who wouldn't go to trial until he was completely prepared. Carbo pleaded guilty—was sentenced to 20 months. Today, he's in a prison hospital with an ulcer. Humorists among the Manhattan sports writers hint that Jack Bonomi gave it to him.

A few months later, Bonomi hit the headlines again when he exposed how a top East Harlem numbers racketeer named "Fat Tony" Salerno had infiltrated the operations of Bill Rosensohn, promoter of the first Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson slugfest. After that, Bonomi began digging into a major housing scandal.

He never got to finish it, for Kefauver came to New York and asked Frank Hogan to recommend a crack boxing investigator for his Senate subcommittee. Without hesitation, the D.A. named Bonomi. He didn't want to lose him, but he was too honest to suggest anyone less qualified. Jack Bonomi moved to Washington in January 1960, and his family—including a six-week-old son—followed by Volkswagen in March. They're living in a pleasant, duplex garden-apartment in Alexandria, Va., just a 20-minute drive from the Senate Office Building.

The subcommittee was eager but understaffed for a full boxing inquiry, and once again Bonomi heard newsmen and ring experts predict that the investigation would produce nothing. The first hearings held on June 14 and 15 made every TV and radio news broadcast, every paper in the country. Bonomi put Jake LaMotta, former middleweight champ, on the stand, and got him to admit that he'd deliberately thrown his Garden fight to Billy Fox on November 14, 1947. Everyone had suspected that bout of being a fix, but Bonomi proved it.

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It was a typical Bonomi performance, short and sweet and solid. Instead of a long preamble to build up corny suspense, he put LaMotta on the stand as his first witness on the first day. Within three and a half minutes, he got the ex-champ to admit that he took a dive in the fourth round. Reporters who'd witnessed the shabby farce and seen how little damage Fox inflicted had written that LaMotta "stunk up the ring," but they never expected that the diver would confess. The witness told a startled Washington press corps that he'd been offered $100,000 to lose, had rejected this and countered with a demand for a title bout. The hoods agreed to these terms. LaMotta obediently "lost," and he got his shot at the crown as promised.

LaMotta is no hero to Jack Bonomi, however. The hard-hitting Senate prober made it clear that the boxer had admitted that the fix was arranged by Blinky Palermo and Bill Daly, both Carbo allies. On the stand, however, LaMotta denied ever having said anything of the sort. Journalists familiar with the integrity of the two men, who knew Bonomi and LaMotta well, had no doubts as to which was telling the whole truth. The reporters openly speculated that The Mob had threatened LaMotta into altering his account.

There will be more hearings. D.C. insiders predict that the spotlight will be on Carbo and Norris. [The ex-I.B.C. chief has been indicted for an appearance December 5.] Bonomi insists that the Carbo group is still dominating U.S. boxing even with "Mr. Grey" behind bars. "Carbo boasts that he has friends in many high places," Bonomi said last week, "and I know that many prominent people—including millionaire businessmen, entertainers and newspapermen have benefitted financially from Frank Carbo's control of boxing."

"Reports of pay-offs of boxing writers have reached the subcommittee, and they obviously deserve full and further investigation," Bonomi added cautiously. The key word may be "further," for it indicates that already there's been some fruitful digging. The results of this excavating will be revealed to the public when Senator Kefauver, shrewd and capable crime buster, decides to turn on the spotlight at his subcommittee's hearings. Kefauver's integrity is beyond question, but no senator is ever eager to collide head-on with a whole gang of important newspapers.

If and when Bonomi's statements are amplified and proved at future hearings, there will be more startled journalists. There will very probably be some unemployed New York sports writers when their managing editors find out how half a dozen boxing reporters have been "on the take" from Carbo's allies for years. The disk jockey "payola" scandal will seem like kid stuff, for possibly every New York City daily is involved. The fact that fight promoters have been paying off boxing writers has been rumored in newspaper circles for several years, but the extent of the taint will make headlines. This doesn't mean that all boxing reporters are involved, but too many are.

This is no fairy-tale. Conversations with several New York sports scribes have produced confirmation that they were aware that some of their colleagues were receiving cash from promoters. One rookie reporter was assigned to cover some minor fights when the regular correspondent fell ill. After the last bout, the young journalist was stopped suddenly in the corridor outside the boxers' dressing rooms by one of the promoter's henchmen.

"You from a paper?"

The reporter nodded.

"What's your name?"

The writer answered. The man looked at a sheet of paper, shook his head.

"Sorry, but I can't pay you 'cause you're not on the list. You got to be on the list. We'll take care of you next time, pal."

Embarrassed at the awareness that one of his colleagues was being paid off to distort his reporting, the young journalist never had the heart to mention the incident to either the sports or the city editor. He simply jumped at the first chance to leave sports writing.

As for Norris, he left the U.S.A. for "his health" after piously announcing that he'd be glad to testify. After consulting with Bonomi, Senator Kefauver publicly challenged him to prove his good faith by returning late this autumn for the next set of hearings. Norris promised to be back. When he shows up, many Washington correspondents believe Bonomi will skin him alive to reveal the legendary wolf in sheep's duds. Few doubt that Bonomi's bulging dossier on Norris will be adequate for a thorough exposure of the millionaire's relationship with "Mr. Grey." It has long been generally accepted that Norris' cooperation was one of the cornerstones of Carbo's empire, so the whole sporting fraternity looks forward eagerly to see what proofs Bonomi will reveal.

Late last September Norris severed his last ties with boxing when he dissolved his National Boxing Enterprises. The announcement came from Norris at his Chicago headquarters. Interestingly enough, Bonomi was also in Chicago at the time, a fact overlooked by the nation's newspapers.

Correct, polite and cautious, Bonomi declines to reveal his strategy to anyone besides Senator Kefauver and the subcommittee's able counsel, Rand Dixon. "I don't want to sound paranoid," Bonomi told a friend in September, "but you never know who you can't trust." Then he stared out at the Capitol dome for a long moment thoughtfully. "Well, after all I've been through in the past few years I'd better qualify that. When you're dealing with such influential racketeers and immoral tycoons, sometimes it's a damn good idea to be a little paranoid."

He stood up and carefully locked his files for the night.

"Just a little paranoid," he concluded with a good-humored smile. •

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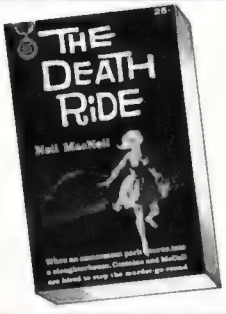

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TABU

Continued from page 26

stay on the island . . . Uvéa's birth rate fell off drastically." He raised his head, looked out at the sea. "I always felt that in a vague way he hated himself and mother for that moment of weakness when they conceived me. And also felt that he bore a great distaste for me as the product of that weakness."

"You were never close then?"

"Never. He wouldn't allow it with anyone. But there was Bilks—an old hand who used to put in here once a month with mail and supplies. He was an ex-blackbirder and pearl-poacher reformed with the times to pseudo-honest trader. He was an agnostic and proud of it, and got a hell of a kick out of giving father a bad time. Father never gave up the idea that he could convert Bilks." The smile flickered briefly on his face.

"The Kanakas were always delighted to see Bilks' schooner working through the pass . . . they knew father would be too busy arguing with the skipper to watch them sin."

"I think I see your father now. What about Halfman?"

"Wait a minute. Let me establish my father's position on Uvéa. You understand that for fifteen years my father was a man of God, who thought he had converted the Kanakas to his belief. In reality they were pseudo-converts, still believing in their own gods. They merely included father's along with their own, which isn't hard for a Kanaka to do—the more gods the better. Thus the prevalent existence of their tambos. Halfman was the one Kanaka who made no bones about being a heathen. He refused to have anything to do with father's creed, village or converts.

"He was a one-legged man. Born that way, which gave him his remarkable adroitness. The leg was missing at the trunk of the body . . . thus the name, Halfman.

"The Kanakas would have made a witch doctor—a devil-devil—out of him if they could. But he scorned his own kind. At an early age he hobbled off into the bush and became a recluse, built himself a sort of pig-sty hut and lived off the wilds."

"You mentioned his adroitness?"

"Umm, yes. You see, Halfman also scorned any sort of body-support."

"No crutch?"

"Absolutely none. And yet the man—and mind you, the events I'm speaking of happened when Halfman must have been all of fifty—the man could outrun a youth. It's hard to describe, horrifying to encounter . . . which I did once or twice as a boy. Remember how our mothers used to warn us that the bogy-man would get us if we didn't behave? Mothers on Uvéa used to tell their wayward children that Halfman would get them. You'd be amazed at the response this brought from Kanaka children . . . hardly ever see one on the beach or in the bush after dark.

"Well, Halfman's mode of locomotion was a sort of crouch, leap and bound. His hands were huge, flat instruments, thickly calloused. The man would literally fly through the forest, his trade knife flapping on his hip, using his leg as a sort of springboard, his hands swinging out to clutch lianas, branches, rock, anything handy. Can you picture a monstrous, elongated spider with half its legs missing, bounding through the forest after you? That's how I first saw him when I was seven or eight. For a week after I would wake each night screaming. Though to be quite fair, I believe Halfman was harmless. To my knowledge he never actually bothered anyone—except Tani, the Rain Princess . . ."

"Then he did harm someone? This rain princess?"

Turton shrugged. "It depends on what you mean by harm. After all, he was a man, given to normal desires, and Tani was beautiful . . . yes, very beautiful . . ." He paused, his eyes reflective, as if slipping slowly back through the activated imagery of memory. Then he said:

"Tani was a breed. Her father had been an Indonesian, and her facial structure followed the Oriental strain and not the Negroid. She looked more Polynesian than anything: wide-set eyes with the faint hint of Mongol obliquity, and a sensitive, aquiline nose, giving very little to the aborigine."

I had the feeling, as he talked of Tani, that he'd forgotten me. He must have realized it too. He smiled abruptly, apologetically.

"The Kanakas for all their ignorance and superstition are not blind. Tani was a beautiful child, a special being, they decided. She would be their Rain Princess. They placed a tambo on her. She was to be brought up by women and the devil-devil . . . no man was ever to touch her. If she appeared in public—and this was seldom—all men must avert their eyes under pain of death. The devil-devil, being immune to tambo, was her teacher. He taught her everything . . . herbs, bones, incantations, everything he knew . . . except about men. And when Tani was sixteen, the devil-devil had turned out a beautiful, finished product. A divine personage."

"I suspect that your father—"

"Umm—" he nodded, setting his glass aside. "Father was death on the Rain Princess. Oh, he had no objection to the islanders praying for rain, but he wanted them to pray to *his* God. For the first time there was an open break in the false security he and the Kanakas had built between them. Captain Bilks, who was with us at the time, warned father to let well enough alone. Bilks knew

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"However, just at the moment of decision, when it was evident that the islanders would turn on him . . . Halfman stepped in and inadvertently closed the breach. Made allies of father and the Kanakas."

"Halfman? How?"

"He attacked the Rain Princess. Tried to rape her."

"In my father's eye, this was the epitome of sin. He forgot his dislike for the usurper, that he didn't believe in her abilities: he joined the Kanakas who were up in arms over Halfman's sacrilege."

"Could you be more specific about the attack?" I asked. "I don't necessarily mean the gory details, but—"

Turton nodded. "Of course. I went ahead of myself. In the interior of the island, and not far removed from Halfman's hut, stands the Rain Hill, a natural fortress of bald granite, serrated and eroded by centuries of rainwater. There is a recess in the cliff face, a cave perhaps twenty feet up the slope. And on this little platform the Rain Princess would hold court, alone, with a bowl of food for herself and a bowl of magic to help make the rain.

"In the beginning of each wet season the Rain Princess goes to her cave alone, carrying her necessities. The incident I speak of happened at this time . . . when Tani was walking through the bush to her hill. She thought she was alone, but she was mistaken . . ." the smile worked on his mouth again, ". . . my father was about his business. He was following her, thinking in his righteous way of some plan to shatter this sinful idolatry. Also, unknown to either, Halfman was there, lurking in the bush, watching Tani. But he didn't know about father.

"There were no gory details, no time for it. Halfman bounded out of the bush like the mainspring of a nightmare, grabbed the girl, tried to tear off her sarong . . . and then father went into action. I swear we could hear him a mile away in the compound. 'Sin! Sin!' he shrieked. 'I command you to stop in the name of the Lord!' Oh, he kicked up a storm. Scared the poor bugger, Halfman, half to death. He dropped the girl, her sarong, and went springing and leaping into the bush with the word of Jehovah hot on his heel. The girl ran too—off to her cave. You realize that she didn't even know what had happened; had no inkling of men and their desires. Sex had been totally neglected in her training.

"Well, the Kanakas were in a fury. Old Buli, the chief, came into our compound like an avenging black angel, shouting at my father, 'That fella Halfman walk about, him no stop. My fella Kanakas catch'm, that fella stop altogether, I tell you true!'

"But the upshot was they didn't catch Halfman. They found his hut, tore it down, but he had already vacated and stashed himself elsewhere. After that things settled to normal again. The Kanakas gave up trying to catch the elusive Halfman; Tani continued her rain-chant; and father returned to sin-chasing."

Turton turned his head and called for fresh drinks.

"But that isn't the end of the story?" I urged.

"No—the beginning."

"Now," he said seriously, "let me suspend the action for a moment to establish my own position on Uvéa. I was nearly fourteen; had seen exactly one white person outside of my parents—Captain Bilks. All I knew were Kanakas, the Bible and God. My world was very narrow, very secure, and yet not secure. Remember that feeling we have when we are young boys—before we have any introduction to sex—when we think of girls and feel a sort of miserable, intangible pain? A dull sort of demanding pain that clamors for release or recognition, and yet we have no knowledge of how to handle the situation?"

I nodded.

"That was the fix I found myself in at nearly fourteen," he said. "Don't misunderstand me. I had no such intangible feeling for the run-of-the-mill Kanaka girls, they left me cold. But Tani was another case. She was, vaguely, my idea of what the other females beyond the barrier reef must be like. Bronze, silk-skinned, coldly superior, beautiful . . . When I looked at Tani covertly, I felt . . ." His smile sagged and he turned his eyes toward the sea again.

"Whatever I felt, it must have showed in my face. My father caught me staring at Tani one day as she was passing the compound gate. 'Lust!' he shouted at me and pointed his bony finger in my face. He beat me with his belt and it was the worst beating I ever received . . . he did it right in front of Tani."

He stalled for a moment, then picked up his story with a fresh tone.

"I would slip off in the afternoons, go into the bush and make my way to the Rain Hill, hide myself behind a nipa palm and secretly watch Tani. That was all . . . I'd merely crouch there, staring upwards, sometimes for hours, barely thinking, watching her every move. She squatted Malay-style on her perch, the cave's mouth yawning at her back, dressed in her tight sarong, her long black hair trailing out of sight beyond her shoulders, saying soft words to the sky, brushing her slender fingers through the magic bowl, stirring the water . . ."

He sighed. "It was quite innocent—all of it. I had no words to approach her with. I could speak pidgin, or *beché-de-mer*, but she had never been taught the trade lingo. And though I could receive Melanesian in a hit-and-miss manner, I couldn't shape the damn words well enough in my mouth to talk it." He shrugged. "So I watched her.

"One day the bush parted and Halfman sprang into the clearing. He stood there, staring upwards, stiff, straight, his black glistening body quivering slightly from the momentum of his leap; one-legged, three-quarters naked, wool-headed and chinned, somehow slightly tragic. A commanding figure, and he struck awe in my heart. I gaped at

him, saying nothing, making no movement.

"Tani seemed surprised at seeing him below her in the clearing. But she didn't draw back. And after a moment I suspected that she was studying the strange figure as if fascinated by his awesomeness."

"I don't understand that," I said. "From the way you've painted him, I'd say the fellow would strike fear in a grown man."

Turton nodded. "He would. If you could suddenly see him now for the first time bounding across the footbridge, you'd probably drop your drink and bolt for the house. But you see, Tani could only make a vague comparison between Halfman and normal men. *She simply hadn't seen that many men.* They were almost a non-existent quality to her. For all she knew half the men in the world—if she thought of a world beyond Uvéa—were as Halfman was. She was more than just innocence . . . she was childhood at its very birth.

"She stared at him, wide-eyed, head canted, one wave of her hair slipping over her shoulder like a thick shawl of black silk, mouth partly open, her fingers idle in the forgotten magic bowl.

"Halfman leaped closer, coming to rest at the foot of the cliff. And he spoke to her, softly, but insistently:

" 'Come down, Rain Princess,' he said.

"She shook her head slowly, perhaps wistfully.

" 'I cannot.'

" 'You must come down. I want to talk with you.'

" 'I cannot. I must remain and make rain.'

" 'But if you come down we could make love instead.'

"She seemed puzzled.

" 'Love? What is it?'

" 'It is very beautiful, Princess. It is the beginning and end of all things. It is creation. It is the earth trembling, the wind wailing, the sea smashing. It is the only joy of all men.'

" 'What is man?'

" 'I am man. You are woman. Together we seek the meaning of life. Only together do we find the joy. Come down, Princess.'

"Her head shook again, her hair leaping like ink spilled on a mahogany deck.

" 'I cannot, though I believe it is beautiful. But I must make rain.'

"He smiled, flashing white teeth in a blackboard face, and said, 'Very well, make rain—now. But I will return and we will make love.'

"He leaped straight into the air, spinning about; facing himself at the forest, and hopped nimbly into the bush.

" 'Love,' the Rain Princess whispered after him. 'Beautiful.' "

"I realized later that it would have done little good to have told father about Halfman's amorous advances. But at the time my silence struck my conscience a heavy blow. I believed that by remaining silent I was sinning. And the amusing part was—*I wanted to tell on Halfman* because I was jealous of him; but afraid that somehow my action might bring trouble to Tani, which I didn't want. And then, too, I didn't think for a moment she would come down." His mouth jerked into a one-cornered smile. "I didn't understand the circumstances then."

"Go on," I said. "I take it that Halfman did return?"

"Oh yes . . . the following day, and many days after. And I was there too, still hiding, half frantic with jealousy and fear, but intrigued also with curiosity.

" 'Will you come down today, Princess?' he would ask her each day upon his approach.

"And she would shake her head, smiling wistfully, and say, 'The rain has not yet come. I cannot.'

" 'Love is more beautiful than rain,' he would prompt her.

" 'Is that possible? Is that truth?'

" 'Love *is* the truth. Love is rain and thunder and wind, and palms shaking. Love is everything. Rain by itself is nothing, like sand grains on the beach. With love it is the grains of all the sands on all the ocean's bottom, it is all the sky and all the world.'

" 'It is beautiful—beautiful, but I must wait.'

" 'Rain comes and goes; love comes but once. You *cannot* deny it.'

" 'I must—must . . .' "

Turton smiled at me. "It went something like that. Aborigines are very poetic in their own tongue."

"But what happened? Did she come down?"

He looked at a fresh cigarette, rolling it in his fingers before lighting it. "Yes," he said, "she did, finally, and without waiting for the rain." He leaned back in his chair, casting his eyes on the rattan ceiling, perhaps not really seeing it—seeing something that was beyond my scope, that he could only communicate to me in words and not in empathy.

"I've never forgotten that day . . . that was the day my father came face to face with total savagery, for the first and last time."

" 'Will you come down today, Princess?' Halfman asked her.

"And again she shook her head, her eyes tinged with sorrow.

" 'I cannot. The rain—'

" 'But today you must. For after today I will be gone.'

"It shocked her, I could see that. She had grown accustomed to his being there. She put one hand up to her breast as a woman will do, and looked down at him with worried eyes.

" 'Gone?' she asked. 'Why?'

" 'Because the men of your village are coming to chase me away. Because they will harm me if I stay.'

" 'But why?'

" 'Because of my love for you. Because they wish to destroy my love by destroying me. Then there will be nothing. Then the rains will come and make the sands of the beach curdle together and there will be nothing. Then they will take you from your ledge and lead you back to your hut, and there will be nothing.'

"She was silent, staring blankly at the magic bowl, her fingers still.

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" 'Will you come down, Princess?' he asked again.

"And she nodded and said yes . . . and she came down."

I hunched forward. "She let him trick her down by playing on her sympathy?"

"Yes. Wiliness was beyond her knowledge."

"Poor little girl," I said. "She came down without really knowing what love was." I thought about that for a moment, then said, "Tragic. She came down to discover love, and he was waiting to rape her."

Turton watched me, the hint of his smile somewhere about his mouth, then it vanished. "Yes," he said, "that was the tragedy . . . innocence . . .

"He led her into the bush, crouching, leaping, grasping with his platter-hands, back to his hut—he'd rebuilt it in a haphazard way—and I followed them. She entered quite willingly, holding his hand . . . and then I left.

"I knew that something horrible was going to happen to her, but I had only a dim idea of what that something might be. At any rate, I knew something had to be done and so I went to father. He and Bilks were sitting in the shade before the compound, discussing, I remember, Adam's Rib. Father fulminated immediately when I told him what Halfman had done. No power on earth could stop him from his duty, as he saw it.

"Bilks tried to talk sense to him: 'Use your head, man! Stay out of this. It's tambo, can't you understand that?'

" 'It is sin!' father cried. 'The accumulation of all wickedness. I must put a stop to it!'

" 'Then tell the Kanakas and let them take care of it. Believe me, they won't thank you for mixing in their business.'

" 'The righteous,' stated Father, 'ask no reward.'

"He stood in the hot sun before the compound gate, tall, white, gray-faced, trembling in every fiber, holding his hands up to the blind sky.

" 'Oh Lord!' he cried, 'that this sin should be perpetrated under Your eyes!' Abruptly he turned and began running toward the Rain Hill. Bilks, with a 'Now you've done it' scowl at me, ran after him."

Turton paused to snub out his cigarette, then said, "He must have caught up with father somewhere along the way, and they must have had another altercation. But father, in his wild indignation, had evidently broken away from him again. Anyhow, father was just reaching Halfman's hut when I arrived at the scene, and the Kanakas were only a minute behind me.

"Father attacked the hut like Joshua at Jericho. Shouting something about the Lord's Law was his sword, he crashed the rattan aside and plunged bodily into the hut.

"Bilks had stopped at the edge of the clearing, and when he saw me he grabbed my arm and pulled me into the nipa palms. 'Your father is the most stubborn fool I've ever known, Jim,' he whispered. 'He's just leaped himself headlong into a nest of tambo. It ain't only the girl . . . Halfman became tambo when he attacked her last month. . . .

"Suddenly we saw father again. He had emerged from the hut, dragging Tani with him. His cries were like trumpet bleats. 'Sin! Harlot! Jezebel!' With each word he would strike her across the face with his sweeping hand."

I paused with my drink. *"Beating the girl!"* I asked. "Why wasn't he beating Halfman?"

Turton shook his head. "It didn't make sense to me either, but then I was . . ." He shrugged. "At any rate, Halfman was still inside the hut. He was just starting to come out when Buli and his crowd arrived.

"That's how they found them; Halfman naked, standing in the doorway of his shattered hut; Tani stripped, bruised, bleeding, struggling in my father's arms . . . Kanaka justice is very swift. The court came to a verdict on the spot."

"Well, but what happened?"

Turton looked at his drink, shook the ice in the glass and said,

"You understand that father and Halfman had both broken the same tambo, even if in a different way. They had to die. But when they laid hands on Tani they became tambo themselves. No man could touch them."

"Then how could the Kanakas kill them?"

"By doing it from a distance. They stoned them to death there in the clearing."

"Stoned them to death? And you were there?"

Turton nodded, and again the smile, wistful, far-away, returned to his face. "Ironic, isn't it? A missionary being stoned to death? I rather think father liked that . . . he had a very deeply ingrained martyr-complex."

A silence settled between us. Turton rattled his ice cubes. I puffed thoughtfully on my cigarette. Somewhere above us a chik-chak lizard scurried in the rafters. A Melanesian voice called something from beyond the wall of the pisiona grove, and an answering laugh floated, disembodied, on the warm air.

"And the Rain Princess?" I asked finally.

Turton stirred, rubbed at his nose. "She returned to her cave, but the rain didn't come. A week passed, then another. Still no rain. Of course it was tambo for anyone to go inquiring while she was at work, so nothing was done until Bilks' curiosity got the better of him. He took a Snider rifle late one afternoon and sneaked down to the Rain Hill. He found Tani in the rear of her cave, her food uneaten . . . She'd been dead for sometime."

"Dead?" I echoed. "At sixteen? From what? Did someone kill her?"

Turton shook his head. "No," he said, "suicide. Bilks found Halfman's knife in her hand."

It took me by surprise, and for a moment I just sat there thinking, *then it wasn't rape. She loved him.* When I looked at Turton I saw he was watching me with his enigmatic smile. I realized I'd missed something.

"How did the Kanakas discover that Halfman had lured Tani down from the hill? Your father didn't stop to tell them, and you said that Bilks ran after him, and the only other person who knew about it was. . . ."

He nodded. "That's right," he said quietly. "I told them. After all, Bilks had said it was Kanaka business, and you recall that bit of advice from the Good Book, don't you? 'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. . . .' How about another drink?" •

"Ed—Ed! They do cash travellers' checks, and guess what they use for money!"

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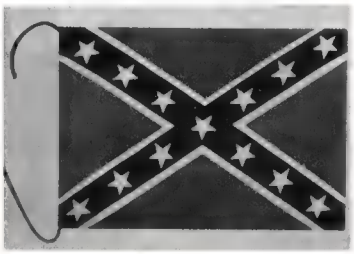

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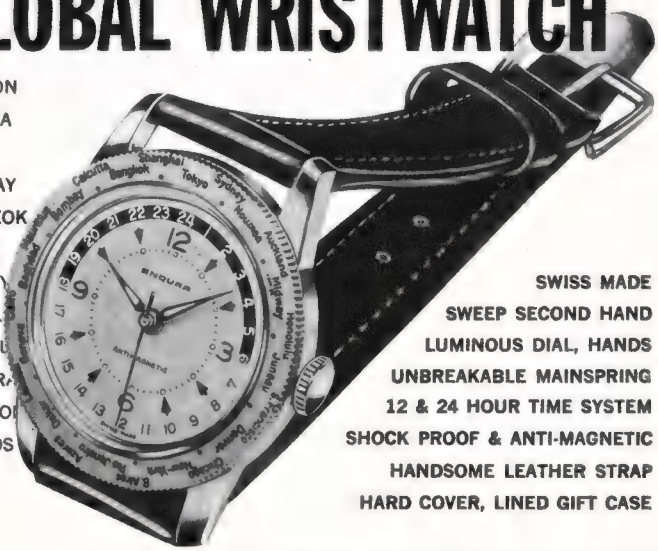

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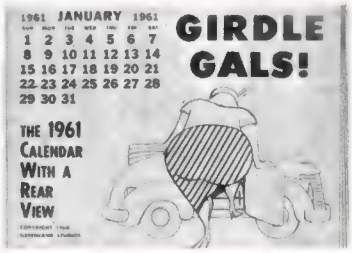

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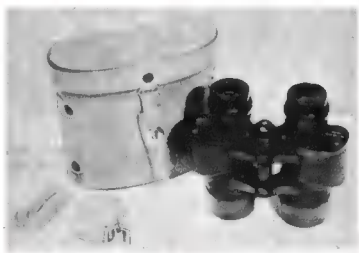

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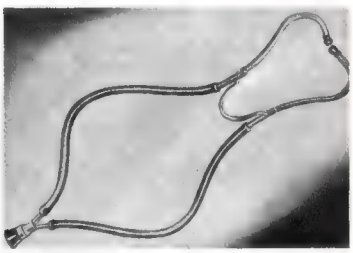

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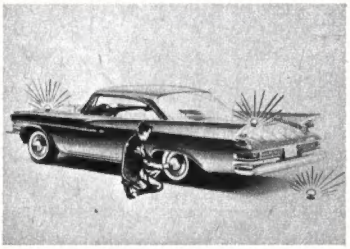

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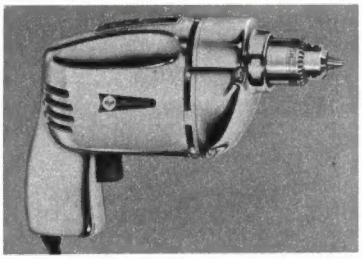

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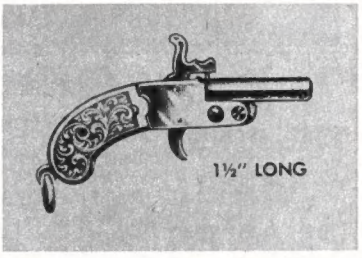

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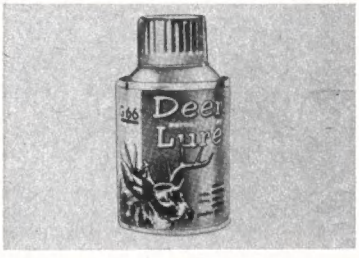

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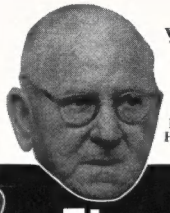

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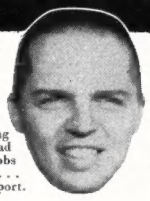

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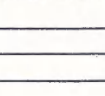

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